





Τό Καλόν.

NATH: W. CONKLING.



Vol. 1, extra, unbound. 23

Vol. 1, Extra, 11- 26

51 extra, 11-12

2 '61. with the supplements
by Brotherton.

(extra-illustrated copy)

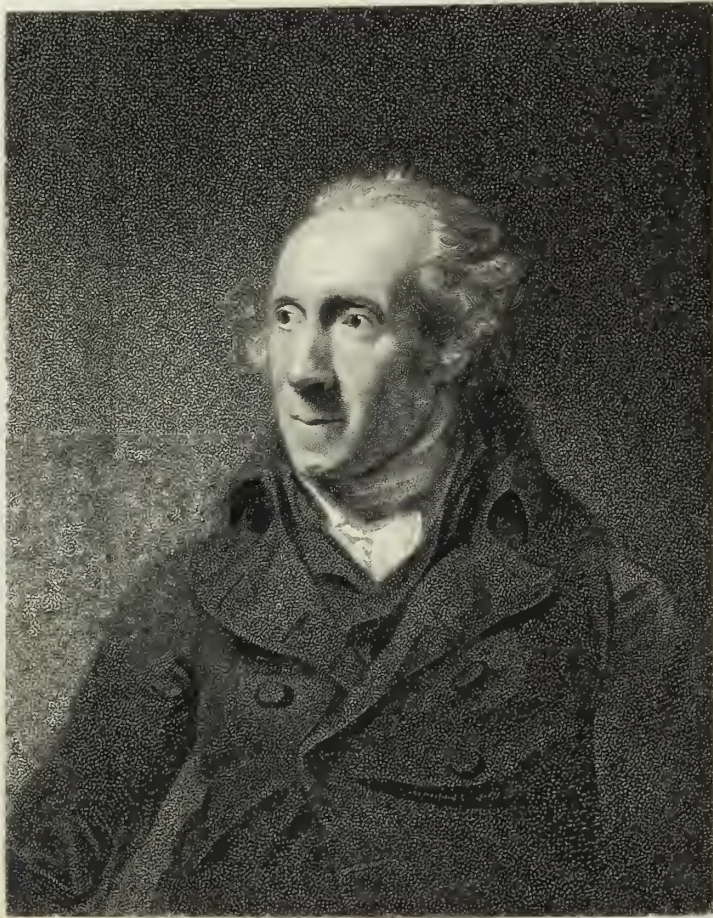
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VARIETIES ON ART.



James. Northcote Esq. R. A.

Engraved by Henry Meyer from an original Drawing by John Jackson.

Published June 4th 1812 by Henry Colburn No 60 Cornhill Street London

THE
DREAM OF A PAINTER.

No painter can have felt the true enthusiasm of his art who has not been impressed by contemplating the rich treasures which are to be found deposited in the Vatican. It is there that the soul seems to expand beyond its usual limits, and inhales an atmosphere peculiarly its own.

The majesty of the vast fabric, the solemn religious monastic dignity which invests it, crowned by those stupendous works of art which adorn the stately chambers, all conspire to fill the mind with lofty ideas, and lift it above the earth. The various portraits also of illustrious individuals found interspersed in those paintings of persons who were cotemporaries of the great Leo, and the friends and patrons of the still greater Raphael, help to carry us back to those golden days in which they flourished.

In a train of thought naturally proceeding from such impressions, I wandered in the apartments unconscious of the lateness of the hour, when resting myself on the steps of an altar in a small oratory built by St. Pius the Fifth, situated

immediately beyond the *stanza* of Raphael, I was so entirely absorbed in thought, that whether I really slept or seemed to sleep, I will not determine ; but methought a form, like that of an angel, approached, and addressing me with a mild air, said, “ You have enlisted under the banner of the arts, fine arts you call them, a noble and a bold resolution, where labour and study may be rewarded with immortality. Your other fortunes must be left to chance. As the Genius of those arts to which you have devoted yourself, it becomes my duty and your right that I conduct you wheresoever you may gain improvement. I am one of those attendant Spirits who watch over the hours of the studious and industrious ; I inspire with hope and strength all minds that are bent on gaining knowledge, but bestow no help on such as are not prepared and anxious to receive it. All instruction is in vain offered to those who do not seek it, or whose minds are pre-occupied : but you, who are properly disposed, may follow me, and for a time relax from your labours.”

I instantly obeyed the order with alacrity, and followed my conductor, who led me through various windings and vaulted avenues, sometimes in light and sometimes in obscurity, till at length we entered a stately building or temple, when a grand saloon presented itself to our sight. Here he placed me in a most commodious situation for observing every thing that passed. The room soon became crowded by a mixed multitude, of different degrees, ages, and nations. The place was immense in size, superb in decoration, and terminated at the end farthest from the company by a splendid curtain of golden tapestry. My guardian never left me, and appeared to have

pleasure in affording me all necessary information: he now desired me to attend, saying, "That which will quickly be presented to your view, is a processional show, addressed to the sight, and to the greater part of the spectators will be matter of amusement only: to you, I hope, it will be more than mere entertainment; those things which you may not comprehend without my assistance, I will explain."

My guide had scarcely done speaking, when we heard an awful blast of trumpets in the air, which seemed to shake the very foundation of the building, and the curtain of rich tapestry being withdrawn, discovered Apollo seated on a throne surrounded by the Muses, in all the splendour of Parnassus, and before the throne passed in procession an assembly of grave and dignified characters, which my informant told me were the ancient Greek and Roman philosophers and poets; the latter part of the procession appeared to dwindle into comparative insignificance, and seemed to be made up of persons who mimicked those who went before them, and who fell far short of their predecessors, in majesty and grace.

After these had passed, there entered on the stage one of the most enchanting and graceful female figures I had ever beheld. She was encompassed by a splendour, or rather glory, that sparkled with every colour of the rainbow: in her hands she bore the implements made use of by painters. But what appeared ludicrous and unaccountable to me, was to see with how much solicitude this charming nymph encouraged and enticed to come forward the oddest group I ever saw, and the most unlike herself. Their number was considerable, their manners

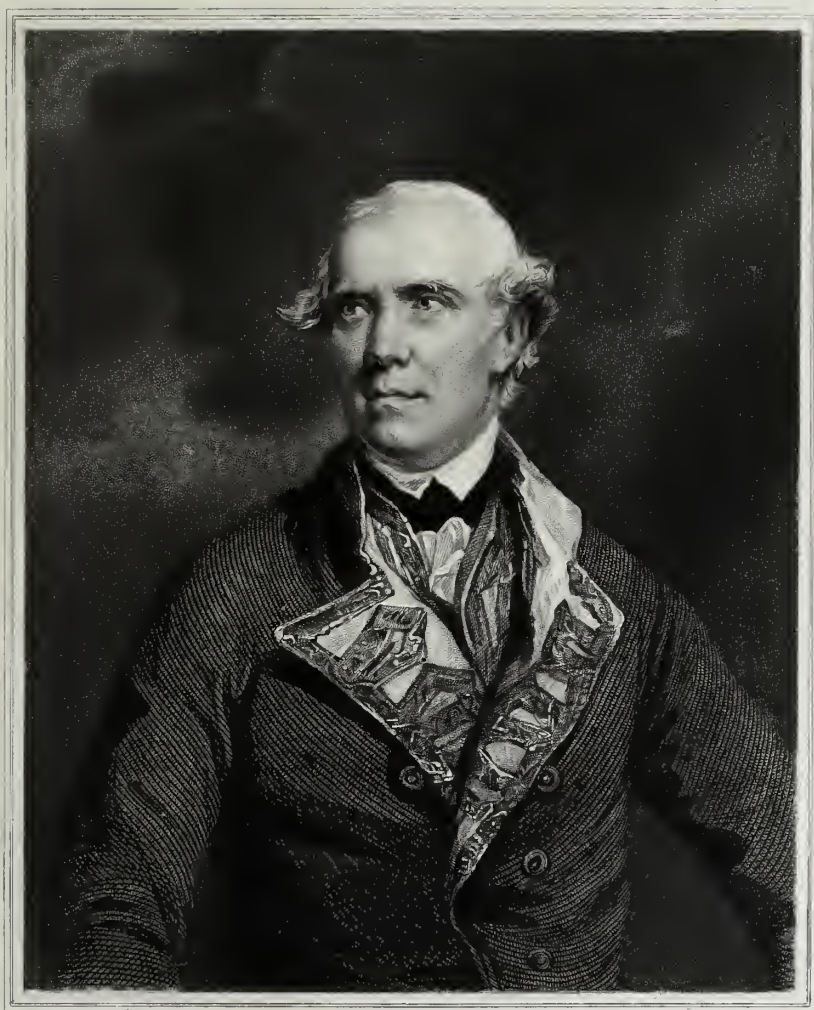
timid, and they paid her great homage: this assembly was in general composed of figures, lean, old, and hard featured; their drapery hung about them in so formal a manner, that it fell into nothing but straight lines, and their sallow complexions appeared well to correspond with the dingy hue of their gothic monastic habits. Several amongst them were females, with half starved and sickly looking children accompanying them, but not one of the whole group had beauty sufficient to attract much attention. However, their modesty and diffidence were such, as rendered it impossible for them to offend the most fastidious spectator; for their manners were natural, simple, and perfectly unassuming. They displayed no airs of pretence to self-importance, no violent contortions of affectation, nor the grimace of forced expression; but, on the contrary, such a degree of strong and distinct meaning in the countenance, and in their actions, such strict propriety, judgment, and simplicity, as altogether gave them a peculiar air of dignity. Those, my guide informed me, were the earliest revivers of the fine arts.

After this curious procession was gone by, a deep silence prevailed, which strongly impressed me with an idea that something of a more exalted kind was about to enter, and accordingly there soon appeared a group of grave mathematicians and mechanics, as I plainly perceived they were, by the various instruments applicable to the purposes of their studies, and which they bore in their hands. These were followed by professors of chemistry, anatomy and surgery, as was evident also by their insignia. Then came a band bearing various instruments of music, on which they sweetly played, followed by led horses of Barbary and Arabian breed, richly

caparisoned. These beautiful animals, although perfectly under the command of the page who held each, yet played and waltzed in a thousand graceful attitudes as they moved slowly forward. Now came four warriors accoutred cap-a-pee in fantastic armour, bearing standards in their hands and mounted on horses equally perfect in figure with the former: next to these came a company of fair nymphs, who seemed to represent the hours, strewing flowers before a magnificent car, which entered drawn by dragons and various grotesque monsters. In this car sat a person very aged, but his appearance was the most awful and striking that can be imagined. He was of a form perfect in proportion, and his countenance was still beautiful, his eyes beaming with intelligence and fire: his garments deep and rich in colour were of the most costly stuffs, and he was adorned with a great quantity of golden chains and rare jewels. He wore his own hair with a long and flowing beard. At this side sate a royal personage with an imperial crown upon his head, who paid him the greatest marks of attention and respect. My guide informed me that the venerable person in the car was Leonardo da Vinci seated on the right hand of his patron and friend Francis the First of France; the dragons which drew the car were the ingenious contrivance of Leonardo himself, the result of his skill in mechanics, and executed in his hours of relaxation. "This extraordinary man," said my guide, "seems to have been the peculiar favorite of Providence; endowed with an ample capacity to embrace the whole circle of the sciences, as you may perceive by those who pay attendance on his progress; born and educated high, the companion and favorite of sovereigns, blessed with health, beauty, fortune, genius and long life; in

truth adorned with all that nature has to bestow on a mortal." Thus passed the pageant, and the area of the stage was now clear, when I perceived a bright cloud descending to the ground, which by degrees vanished into air, and then discovered to our sight an elderly personage of most singular majesty of deportment. He was habited in a flowing robe of green velvet, with a kind of hat or cap of the same on his head; he moved with a firm and dignified step; he had but few followers and those few stood at an awful distance. He appeared to scorn the flutter or parade of show, as if all dignity was in himself, and when he trod, the very ground seemed to tremble beneath him. At the motion of his wand he was encircled by a group of more than mortal beings; sacred prophets and sybils came obedient to his call. Behind him mysterious visions floated in the distant space, and as if the heavens had opened, there appeared angelic forms ascending and descending. A stream of light shone down upon him like that which we may imagine might have surrounded Moses when the tables of the law were delivered to him. Its glory was too powerful to be viewed without pain, and turning from it to relieve my aching sight, I saw it no more, as instantly the curtain hid the awful scene. "You have had this transient view," said my guide "of Michael Angelo Buonarotti."

By degrees, the curtain being again withdrawn discovered a solemn though splendid assembly of grave and dignified persons, which appeared to be the Court of Rome; and Pope Julius the Second himself was seated on the throne accompanied by many cardinals, who sat on each side; and a number of bishops, prelates, and foreign ambassadors stood round; when we



Engraved by H. L. Ryall

HON.^{BLE} SAMUEL BARRINGTON.

ADMIRAL OF THE WHITE.

PAINTED BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.

PRESENTED TO GREENWICH HOSPITAL BY THE HON.^{BLE} SHUTE, BISHOP OF DURIAM.

introduced to the Pope a young man of a most winning aspect: a mild, yet penetrating eye enlivened his countenance; in other respects also handsome: his manner was simple, graceful, and modest; he was particularly noticed by two cardinals, one of which was John, Cardinal of Medicis, as my guide informed me. The Pope received him with much condescension, and having recommended him to the care of some of the principal officers of the court, the young man gracefully withdrew, followed by several great persons, and the scene soon closed. "You have been shown Raphael Urbin," said my guardian; "but shall again see him more to his advantage than in the former stately assembly." When turning my eyes towards the area of the magical theatre, I saw Raphael enter the great chambers of the Vatican, the spacious walls of which appeared unspotted, and glared only in white before his sight: on these he was to display the immortal works of his highest powers; I felt for him when I contemplated the arduous encounter, but he with modest courage looked calmly around. Presently there entered a crowd attending on him, my guide addressing me said, "do you not perceive in the retinue a poor man habited in the garb of a disbanded soldier, leading a little boy whom a favourite goat follows, held by a string? That goat has to that child stood in the place of a protector and a nurse; it is little Pierino del Vaga who lost his mother nearly as soon as he gained life. This parent, so particularly important to infant years, he was deprived of by the ravages of the plague at Florence where he was born. The father thus left desolate and in poverty had no other means to preserve the new-born infant than by procuring a milch goat to supply the loss; this creature is

become their fondling, and the child now returns the protection he before received: he is destined to follow in the train of the great painter, who will quickly perceive his dawning powers."

My attention was now fixed on Raphael, who quickly commenced his great work: when methought beauties instantly began to spring up under his hand, and his fingers seemed as if inspired by his breath. I was transfixed and lost in delight. I could have looked on for ever, but my guide interrupting my attention, the pleasing vision vanished from my sight.

Now we saw Titian pass: his appearance was impressive, and strikingly grave and majestic; his dress was an ample robe of black velvet; his train, which was of great length, was borne by Pordenone, the Bassanos, Girolamo, Mutiano, Giacomo, Palma, and others. He was accompanied by Tintoretto and Paul Veronese, and before him went Bellino and Georgione, bearing each in his hand a light so illustrious that the whole group were illumined by the splendour. The scene around was landscape, but like the country of enchantment, where the tall wild trees of various species were seen spreading their ample branches in the sky, and below, appearing in the distance between them, shone the blue sapphire mountains, tipt with gold by the setting sun, which glowed in the bright horizon, and threw its warmth around a scene, in which the sublime and beautiful, thus united, filled the mind alternately with astonishment, terror, and delight. But what still increased my enthusiasm was, that on a sudden I heard a choir of the most seraphic music, such as before had never struck

my ear ; but I could perceive neither instruments nor performers : it was not like any sounds I had been accustomed to hear, even at the most select concerts, but rather resembled the idea we have of that celestial harmony with which angels, we are told, welcomed the expiring St. Francis into Heaven. I was so enraptured with the notes, that for a time I scarcely knew where I was, when on recollecting myself, and looking round, I found that the scene was totally changed, and an open country was now before us with the sun bright as at noon-day. Methought I saw a flight of sportive little cherubs in the air, playing round and round like summer flies, three beautiful females like the Graces also appeared in all the triumph of their charms, and joined the group who now altogether were filled with earnest expectation, as if to welcome some chosen object of their tenderest care. I felt the highest degree of impatience to behold who this peculiarly honored personage might be to whom the loves and graces delighted to pay their homage, and were so solicitous to attend. When after a short time there entered, to my great surprize, not one whose appearance bespoke him of quality, but a person unattended, and in the mean habit of a rustic, aged about forty years, bearing on his back a huge sack, evidently too heavy for his strength, whilst he himself appeared to be so much debilitated by the excessive load, as well as by the heat of the day, that he fainted and seemed expiring beneath his burden : his late playful companions flew with eagerness to succour him ; but he was by this time too far exhausted to be sensible of their solicitude or attention : they held his chilling hand in mournful silence ; they wiped the faint damps from the face of their adored mortal, they could only close his eyes in death,

and lament their fatal separation. "You look grave," said my guide "at the disastrous lot of the unfortunate Correggio. The burden under which he died was a load of base copper coin, which had been just paid him for years of labour, and for works divine: his fate is the more pitiable, because it was not brought upon himself by any misconduct of his own."

"But let us quit this melancholy scene," continued my instructor, "and attend to the illustrious persons who now enter: these are the family of the laborious, and not less famous Caracci, followed by their great scholars, Domenichino, Lanfranco, Guercino, Albano, together with a numerous retinue of most respectable appearance."

Annibal, I saw, boldly took the lead in the procession, although not the first in age. His figure was awful; his form was muscular and of fine proportion; his step was firm and with a noble wildness in his gait; the expression of his countenance was so determined, that it rather bordered on severity. Then we saw Lodovico advance, with a milder air, more sweetness in his aspect, with more grace and sensibility in his manner, and a solemn dignity in his carriage: he seemed to be surrounded (as if by a guard) by those who at first sight I thought had been all the illustrious painters whom we had seen pass before as principal figures, but on a closer inspection I could clearly discern them to be no more than an excellent assemblage of well-chosen representatives of those great geniuses. The likeness to Correggio was particularly imposing, and in some views appeared just himself; but, when he turned, I could distinctly perceive the difference: however, the whole together

produced a most splendid effect, in which Lodovico had the appearance of being the master and cause of the procession. "You shall now see," said my guide, "a character contrasted to that of Correggio, one less pitiable, though scarcely less unfortunate or less excellent—one who dallied with good fortune, and brought his hardships on himself. This favourite of the Graces, in his latter days, wasted both his genius and his life: but see, he comes!" The heavenly choir, with a soft and melodious strain, in a sort of minuet time, proclaimed his entrance, when we saw come forward a beautiful youth like an Adonis, whose steps kept time with the music; all his actions were graceful in the highest degree, yet only just free from affectation. He was welcomed, and even courted, by those captivating graces, who now appeared in the perfection of their heavenly beauties, and seemed to vie with each other which should be most his favourite; while he, with all courtesy and modest elegance, expressed a due sense of the high honour done him, and as they trod to the accord of music, they thus quitted the stage together. Then followed, to close his retinue, a melancholy set of wretched gamblers and sharpers, who with tattered garments, wild eyes, and haggard visages, shook each his dice-box in frantic despair. "Behold," said my guide, "the splendid genius of Guido Reni disgraced by the base and vicious crew who finish his career. Unfortunate being! to throw away the heavenly riches with which he had been blessed, by wasting his time and venturing his fortunes with miscreants like these!"

My instructor perceiving the agitation this last scene had raised in my mind, looked on me with pity, but remarked to

me the necessity there was for my being informed of every circumstance, good or evil, attendant on the department I had adopted, as useful examples by which I might the better be enabled to regulate my future conduct.

“ One scene more of a tragic cast,” said he, “ I shall offer to your view, further I will not oppress your feelings, though many yet remain which might be given.”

A small building like an Italian inn was now presented to our view : in its interior sat four persons at a table, as if about to sup in a friendly manner. One of the party, a young man of a bright and ruddy complexion, appeared to be the genius of the company, and, I saw, was viewed by the others with evident marks of envy : the young man was gay and innocent himself, and seemed not to regard their secret ill will, if, indeed, he was sensible of it. One of them, in particular, drew my attention, who, I saw, had a scowling aspect, and who surveyed him, at such times as opportunity offered, with looks that terrified me. This person officiously prepared the sallad which was on the table ; in doing which I remarked his taking a small phial from his pocket, unperceived by the rest of the company. He then poured the contents into the mixture of the sallad which he dressed, and when supper was served, he offered his mixture to the ruddy youth, and was very importunate and earnest to make him partake of it, in which he succeeded ; and after this miscreant had seen him swallow a sufficient quantity, he, as if by accident, pushed the bowl with the remainder of this sallad off the table, and spilled it on the floor, and thus it became unfit for use. Soon we perceived the

unfortunate youth began to writhe in agonies of pain, which increased till he fainted in convulsive fits, when his companions bore him away, and we saw them no more. I turned to my guide with emotions of astonishment and sorrow. "Surely," said I, "he has been poisoned by that villain."—"True," said my guide, "but he does not die by this vile act. I show you this vision, it represents the story of Frederico Baroccio, who never had health after the fatal night, although he lived to a great age in misery, and at intervals exercised those great talents with which Nature had blessed him at his birth; but owing to the precarious state of his life, he devoted his time and labours to pious and solemn subjects. You see in this example the dreadful effects of ill guided passions. Emulation, in which are the seeds of the highest virtue, in this sad instance is turned into envy, and thus degenerates into the most pernicious vice. That strong desire which the vile assassin felt to be the first in his profession, instead of stimulating him with a noble energy to surpass his competitor by fair exertions and superior skill, urges him on to gain pre-eminence by the most dark, cowardly, and execrable means; the destruction of his superior. Thus envy always waits at virtue's elbow."

The area, now presented to our sight, seemed to promise a parade of show: the scene appeared to be the portico of a magnificent building; a band of musicians with warlike instruments entered, sounding a grand march; these were followed by a company of guards, as if attending on a sovereign prince; then came a group of splendid figures attired in habits of the richest draperies, and amongst them I descried mitred abbots,

bishops, cardinals, and popes. Following these, came warriors in full harness, with plumed helmets on their heads, mounted on horses which seemed like those described in Eastern poetry. Then came a group of chubby boys, holding festoons of mingled flowers, by which were led various savage animals, as lions, tigers, leopards, bears, and others of an inferior nature, but each the most beautiful of its kind. Next came the person who appeared to be the principal figure of this splendid scene: he was most gorgeously apparelled; and on his head he wore a large black Spanish hat, ornamented with feathers. He was mounted on a milk-white Arabian, which had a flowing mane and tail, and so exquisite in form, that it appeared like the vision of a horse. He was surrounded by a number of gay damsels, whose rosy flesh looked health itself; they were of the fullest habit of body, yet nimbly danced round Rubens, this object of their admiration, while he, in stately movement, proceeded slowly on: a flourish of trumpets and a group of kings finished the procession. After these had passed, a different train appeared. A bloated crew of bacchanalian wretches, who performed their loathsome actions with fantastic levity; what garments they wore were tawdry rags of various hues with tinsel finery to imitate gold; although some figures of respectable appearance mixed with and graced the train.

Now tired with pomp and splendid show, the glare of light and sound of warlike strains on brazen instruments, it was a relief to me when on a sudden I was surrounded by a thick cloud or mist and my guide wafted me through the air till we alighted on a most delicious rural spot. I perceived it was the early hour of the morn, when the sun had not risen above

the horizon. We were alone, except that at a little distance a young shepherd played on his flageolet as he walked before his herd, conducting them from the fold to the pasture. The elevated pastoral air he played charmed me by its simplicity, and seemed to animate his obedient flock. The atmosphere was clear and perfectly calm : and now the rising sun gradually illumined the fine landscape, and began to discover to our view the distant country of immense extent. I stood awhile in expectation of what might next present itself of dazzling splendour, when the only object which appeared to fill this natural, grand, and simple scene, was a rustic who entered, not far from the place where we stood, who by his habiliments seemed nothing better than a peasant ; he led a poor little ass, which was loaded with all the implements required by a painter in his work. After advancing a few paces he stood still, and with an air of rapture seemed to contemplate the rising sun ; he next fell on his knees, directed his eyes towards Heaven, crossed himself, and then went on with eager looks, as if to make choice of the most advantageous spot from which to make his studies as a painter. “ This,” said my conductor, “ is that Claude Gelee of Lorrain, who nobly disdaining the low employment to which he was originally bred, left it with all its advantages of competence and ease to embrace his present state of poverty, in order to adorn the world with works of most accomplished excellence.”

The view was now changed, when there came wandering by one who at first appearance looked like a manikin, or what painters call a lay figure ; but of a most perfect proportion of limbs, as if formed after the excellent models of antiquity : in

its action there appeared great agility and propriety ; yet still I doubted if it was really animated ; it seemed to be moved by mechanism, which made me ask my guide if it was a living figure. “ Do you not know ” (was the reply) “ the famous Nicolo Poussin, the most classical of painters and most successful copier of the antique ? ” I humbly confessed my ignorance. I was capable of perceiving only his grosser qualities, which opened quickly and forcibly upon me in all the nationality of French grimace, - which he displayed in a thousand different expressions in succession, and obliged me to acknowledge him to be a very capital actor for any stage. “ Observe him with patience,” said my guide, “ see how beautifully all his limbs are formed just like an antique statue : then so judiciously are all his actions suited to the expression of his countenance that it is impossible to doubt his meaning for a moment.” I bowed in acquiescence, and began to persuade myself that he was alive. But that which struck me with equal admiration, surprise, and delight, was the effect produced when he moved a wand which he held in his right hand ; waving it over the surrounding space, there gradually arose a view of the most beautiful country imaginable, and such as I should conclude must have been a perfect example of a truly classic style of scenery.

My kind conductor now quitted the place, and I obediently followed him, when he led me through wandering paths till we arrived at the porch of a singular and romantic ancient mansion. We entered, and passing through several rooms, enriched by decayed finery, we at last came to a chamber which had the appearance of a study of times long past, where,

in an elbow chair, companion to the other furniture, sat a man rather majestic in his aspect: his face was broad but of a commanding expression, he was overloaded by the quantity of his own drapery of velvets, silks, tissues, gold chains, and furs of all sorts, insomuch that it was impossible to trace the human figure under them: but it all sparkled as if illumined by a burning lens which threw the light on one spot only. On looking round I saw, although much obscured, his retinue behind him, which consisted of surely the ugliest crew of vulgar mortals (both male and female) I had ever seen, and cloathed in all the finery of a pawnbroker's warehouse; and although most of them were lame as well as ill-favoured, yet the light was so skilfully managed to fall partially upon them, that it produced a very solemn and, in a considerable degree, an awful appearance; added to this also was the grand and impressive evening landscape on which the sun had set as it appeared through the vaulted arches of the building, and thus added greatly to the majesty of the sombre group. The great man deported himself with considerable dignity, and received vast homage from his bedizened court.

From this spot, which appeared evidently to be on the banks of the Rhine, I was instantaneously transported by my guide, I know not how, to a spot of a totally different aspect, which I apprehend must have been in the region of the Alps. The air was cold and stormy, and as the view opened before me, I discovered a most romantic, mountainous, and rocky country, in which tremendous falls of water came rushing down with impetuous violence, rooting up vast trees in their passage: when there entered a spirited fellow who apparently delighted

himself in the perfect use of his limbs. He was partly accoutred in armour and partly bare ; he brandished a large sabre in his right hand, and in his left he bore a lance ; he trod about in the wild scenery as if he defied the elements. I took him to be one of a banditti, till my conductor informed me it was no other than Salvator Rosa. Although he was a very fine figure, I was not much amused with his gesticulations : he was active, bold, and dexterous, yet he raised no sensations in my mind which created any interest, and I was perfectly well satisfied when he withdrew.

My good genius now transported me to the sea coast, where, from the lofty rocks of a bold shore, we surveyed the vast ocean at a distance, and near us embayed there lay in majestic tranquillity a fleet of ships of war whose towering masts seemed to touch the sky. The air scarcely moved the pendant sails, and the gilded sterns glittered by the reflected light of the setting sun ; while the white cloud of smoke from the evening gun crept slowly over the polished surface of the water, now undisturbed except by the regular strokes of a full-oared barge, which had just left the shore. On the rocks below sat one who seemed to view the scene with most particular attention. " Behold," said my guide, " that man ; he contemplates the beauties of this view with more than poetic energy," I also warmly felt the grandeur of the picture and expressed my delight in rapturous terms.

My guide touching me suddenly on the forehead with his hand, my senses for an instant forsook me, but on recovering myself the astonishment I felt cannot be described, when in-

stead of the solemn stillness I had just witnessed, I beheld the sea now run mountains high, the waves in wanton rage beat white against the steady and immoveable rocks that defied the impotent attack : but not so was it with those stately floating castles which I had seen in their proud tranquillity ; these suffered a sad reverse, weak helpless victims of misfortune, and were dashed with unrelenting fury on the pitiless rocks or shore, or sunk, torn asunder by the tempestuous waves, while the black sky possessed scarcely any light but that which proceeded from quick flashes of forked vivid lightning. The same enthusiastic and daring artist whom I had seen before contemplating the beauties of the calm, now seemed quite as much absorbed in the rude and awful sublimity which at this time presented itself to our sight : my desire was so great to see and converse with Vandervelde, on being informed who it was, that I left my guide to scramble down the rocks to the place where he sat, when unfortunately my foot slipped, and I thought myself irretrievably lost in the sea, but my preserver and guide caught me in his arms, and on recovering from my fright I found myself, to my utter astonishment, with my guardian at my side safely closeted in a painter's study, in which two curious artists were seen supporting in their hands a microscope, which they now placed on a table with great care, and each of them eagerly looked through different apertures of the instrument at the same object. They seemed to be extremely intent on their employment, and so absorbed as not to perceive we were in the room, as we stood at a little distance from them, and indeed I had a notion that they were both of them very short sighted. As I was not sufficiently acquainted with the subject to discover

what it was they looked at with so much earnestness, I applied to my instructor, when he informed me that those two ingenious personages were no other than the Chevalier Adrian Vander Werf, and the no less famous Balthasar Denner, who were now deeply intent on solving a problem of much importance in their mode of study, which was to split a hair of a lady's eyebrow, in order to investigate if it was solid or tubulated; as such a difference would produce a great effect on its appearance and colour. This, at present, they could not accomplish, but would most certainly do it by patience and time. I inquired of my guide if we were to wait there till the experiment was completed, when we were suddenly interrupted by the accidental falling from its stand, of an ivory Venus, the performance of the Chevalier; this accident much surprised and discomposed them, as the figure was broken to pieces by the fall, but when they had recovered their tranquillity they returned to their business as intently as before; we now left them together to take their own time to finish the delicate work on which they were engaged. On quitting this chamber we presently found ourselves on a beautiful terrace at the entrance of a palace "Now" said my attentive instructor, "as a contrast to all those foreign scenes which you have been shown, I shall finish my lesson at this time by presenting you with an English triumph"—When waving his hand there gradually came to my sight a most pleasing landscape as we viewed it from the terrace; we presently saw a person who descended to us from a higher walk by a flight of steps which communicated with the place on which we stood. His manner at once distinguished him as a man of refined mind, his carriage was unassuming, gentle, and simple to the utmost

degree ; he appeared to be untouched by vanity, although attended by a great company of grave philosophers, divines, and poets, who all paid him homage, which he received with the humility and simplicity of a child, as if unconscious of its worth or of his own deserts. He was met on the terrace by the most fascinating group of females that can be imagined, who displayed their beautiful figures in light draperies, in all the varieties of exquisite grace, their fine hair in ringlets floating in the air. With them were intermixed a number of elegant children who by the pure unsophisticated beauty of nature, or the playful affectations of infant innocence rendered themselves objects of infinite delight ; all of whom joined him in a kind of procession, while he by turns paid equal attention to all, and seemed to give pleasure and importance to all alike : mean while the varying landscape back ground to this group produced a perpetual and amusing change ; now we saw the sun-beams darting through the foliage ; then the scene would present the soothing tranquillity of the setting sun ; the trees partook of all the varied colours of the autumnal season ; whilst orange, red, yellow, and green, diversified the splendid rural scene.

I followed with my eyes this bewitching assembly as long as it was in view. I wished if possible it could return. I regretted the privation I suffered, as nothing I had seen gave me such heartfelt gratification ; but my wish was vain, it faded from my sight.

“ You have now seen pass,” said the Genius, “ my last, my favorite pupil, and my delight.”

I was enraptured with pleasure, when on a sudden a dreadful burst of thunder that seemed as if it had torn the earth in twain brought me to my original state, and I found myself reposing on the steps of the altar in the little oratory of St. Pius the Fifth.





THE
PAINTER AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

IT is a sagacious observation, which has often been repeated, that every man can bear the misfortunes of another with much more tranquillity than he can his own. It is no less true, that we often over-rate, and see magnified, those evils which fall to our lot, from our not being able to bring them into comparison with those which assail our neighbour. External appearances frequently deceive us; and could we but be sensible of the sufferings of many of those whom we behold with envy, it would tend much to reconcile us to our own fate.

A fable occurs to my memory, which I had lately occasion to repeat to a friend of mine, who complained to me bitterly of the miseries of his profession as a painter. “You,” said he, “who are an artist, cannot be unacquainted with the burthens which lie heavy on the shoulders of poor mortals in that walk of life. I am fatigued to death by a succession of sitters,” (a term given to those who come to have their portraits drawn;) “and if I had none, my case would still be worse: some of these,” continued he, “being new comers, are of course on their good behaviour to gain my favour by flattery, in order that I may exert myself and do my best for them, just as kind words are given to a dentist who is going to pull out your teeth, or

as a purse of guineas is frequently given by a criminal to his executioner ; others of my employers have passed their final sitting, when there only remains that disagreeable ceremony to be performed of paying for the picture, and *then* their invention is at work to find how they may best be enabled to skulk from that odious part of the business ; and these unfortunately think, that the more they tease you the better they shall escape.

In short, the importunity of ignorance, the discontent of vanity, and the imposition of meanness, together with the confinement and constant labour, have sickened me of the profession ; and I am become wholly dissatisfied with my lot in life, and begin to think, that of all situations under the sun, that of a portrait painter is the worst and most vexatious. I am therefore considering with myself what is best to be done in my circumstances ; for to some other course of life I am fully determined to change, without any fear of changing for the worse."

This weak and impatient harangue moved me with more displeasure than pity : "my good friend," I said, "have patience, and I will read you a fable, to divert your mind from its present annoyance." I then took up my common place book, and read out of it the following tale, which I had copied from an Eastern author.

Hassan was a younger son of a merchant of Bagdad, who, loaded with a large family of children for whom he was bound to provide, and having suffered many losses in trade, had it

not in his power to bestow much on his offspring, beyond a good education; in the seminaries of the learned.

Hassan was active and ambitious, and for a considerable time devoted himself with intense application to the study of letters and the sciences, filled with youthful hopes of gaining eminence as a learned professor. But at length his ardour failed him : he saw that the labour of gaining distinction and superiority by the means which he had adopted was great and unavoidable, but that the success was, at last, precarious and uncertain. It was evident to him, that his youth must be spent in solitude, and, perhaps, his old age in poverty ; that his competitors were numerous, and the prize could be gained but by a few.

Thus indolence prompted reflections that forboded ill fortune. “ I will no longer endure,” said he, “ this life of an hermit, I will raise what money I can by the sale of my books, and with it procure for myself the best situation it will afford, as a soldier in the great Sultan’s army; when I may spend my life, without the annoyance of thought, in idleness and dissipation ; where dress will be all my study, and pleasure all my business.”

Such were the reflections with which Hassan amused himself, as he wandered by the side of a river, under the shade of a grove of palm trees : the sun was just setting, after a serene and beautiful day, when seating himself on the bank, he cast his eyes around, to view the tranquil charms of the scene, and perceived an aged person approaching him, cloathed in a loose

flowing robe of purple. This venerable man made signs to him to follow. Hassan instantly rose from his seat, as he saw by the whole appearance of the stranger, that he had nothing to fear, and directed his steps to join him: they soon quitted the grove, and walking on for some space, a rocky mountain appeared before them, which, till then, had been hid from their sight by the wood. The Sage now entered at a cavity in the rock, and Hassan followed him; they proceeded in darkness, through this gloomy passage to a spacious apartment, which was furnished in such a manner, as to show that it was the study of a philosopher. The only light, by which the room was illuminated, was from a lamp, which hung suspended from the ceiling, in the centre of the chamber. As philosophers always make a point of wasting as little time as possible, he turned towards Hassan, and without further ceremony, thus addressed him: "Young man, I can perceive that you are dissatisfied with your lot in life, and wish to change it; therefore I have purposed to present you with a spectacle, suited to the disposition of your mind at this time: more from me would be unnecessary at present." He then drew aside a curtain, and discovered under it a perspective glass, into which he desired him to look. Hassan readily obeyed the order, when, to his great delight, he beheld a general officer marching at the head of his well equipped and disciplined army; full of spirits, just setting out on an expedition, in which rich plunder was to be expected. A sight so very congenial to the future views of Hassan was gratifying in the utmost degree, and his heart glowing with unusual warmth, he returned his acknowledgments to the Sage for the pleasure he had received. "Young man,"

replied the philosopher, "you have seen but half the picture, thank me when you have contemplated the whole; scenes which will interest you much are to come: look again into the same glass." Hassan quickly complied, but his astonishment cannot be described, when he beheld the change which had taken place. Such a spectacle presented itself to view as would have struck the most obdurate heart with dismay, and forced tears from eyes that never wept before. At first the same General appeared and still surrounded by a retinue, but now so changed, mutilated, and forlorn, that it was deplorable in the extreme. Then followed scene after scene in melancholy succession, representing all the varieties of war. In these were shown the different fates of an infinite number of young men, many of whom were born to plentiful fortunes, and had been bred by tender parents with every conveniency and luxury, but now were seen plunged into that abyss of misery which ever lies open to the chances of war. Some starved in loathsome hospitals and prisons, others dead in ditches and half devoured by dogs, many parched and scarred by the explosion of gunpowder, vast numbers drowned in rivers and the sea, and serving as food for fishes, some mangled and hewed to pieces by horrid wounds, some trampled to death under horses' feet, and others begging bread on the road, who after having spilt their blood and exposed their lives to a thousand calamities, had not now wherewith to carry them back to that home, which to their misfortune they had so foolishly abandoned—one pitiable scene was that of a young nobleman, who had been killed by the bursting of a shell—"Ah," said the Sage, "behold this unfortunate cavalier! A famous astrologer had foretold by his art, that if this rash youth had been wise enough to have remained

at home, he would have lived to the age of fourscore years. Wretched mortal, what desperate and fatal frenzy possessed thee to sell sixty years for a rupee !”

Hassan, now terrified by the awful succession of horrid scenery, withdrew his aching eyes from the sight, and scarcely able to support his own weight, bowed with reverence and kissed the earth. “Go,” said the Sage, “and learn patience : know that labour and anxiety are the lot of mortals, and that affluence and content are not the portion of the vain or idle : learn to be satisfied with that station, of which you know the evils, rather than run the hazard of venturing on any other of which you have had no experience.”

This tale had a very salutary effect on the mind of my querulous friend ; he felt its full force, when, ludicrously imitating the action of Hassan, he prostrated himself on the floor, kissed it, and treating me as if I had been the real philosopher, took his formal leave in a much better disposition than when he entered.

But for my own part I think there is another view in which this moral lesson may be taken. As often as I have contemplated this fable, it has filled my mind with a succession of thoughts of a different kind. The Sage when he presented this vision to the young man, showed him that which is to come, to warn him for his future good.

This glass represented equally that which is to happen, as well as that which has already passed ; and in like manner

when I have by chance surveyed a picture, representing some awful scene in history, some event of time long passed, a melancholy reflection has crossed my mind, that similar wretchedness to that which is depicted is again and again to happen ; that the same causes remaining, the like effects will follow : and most pitiable is it to reflect, that all those dreadful examples, which have been so often exhibited, should serve so little to forewarn us of our danger, or move us sufficiently to strive against it, even by the means which are yet left within our power, so as to prevent, or in some degree lessen, the mass of calamity which is ever generating in the teeming womb of time.

There is a solemn pleasure in the mind, when it contemplates the awful records of history ; when we read the page or view the picture, we feel almost an equal degree of interest to that which would be called forth if the scene was actually passing before us at the time ; our anger is raised against those who have acted basely, and equal pity towards those who have suffered wrongs, although they have long been removed beyond the reach of misery, and their existence is only known to us in description and a name : yet we cast no thought on the *future* victims of mischance, and far from our minds at all times are sensations of compassion for those who *are* to be the actors on the world's great stage, thousands destined to become the prey of innumerable calamities which ever struggle for entrance at the gates of life to assail each new-born heir of sorrow. Yet at first thought it should seem much more reasonable to feel compassion for those who are yet to suffer than for those whose pains are ended and over for ever.

It is surely an awful reflection to consider how many temptations lie in wait to allure to destruction the heedless victims of vice. How much unspun misery is yet on the distaff of Fate! How big the womb of Nature with unborn evil, that must be endured by generations yet to come! But our feelings are not of that vivid kind as to operate, unless when stimulated by examples which have been made clear to our senses.

I have often contemplated, with melancholy, the neglected excellencies of Hogarth, Wilson, Caracci, Claude Lorraine, and others, who, while they lived and could have enjoyed the benefits of their fame, met only with poverty and contempt. I foresee, in their sad example, the future sufferings of artists yet unborn, who will be obliged to suffer humbly a like fate, and patiently to see the works of their predecessors (who have passed their period of neglect) placed in the posts of honour, and extolled as works divine, whilst their own will be treated with coldness or contempt, although, at the same time, some of them, at least, may possess qualities of much higher excellence than many of those productions to which bigotry, ignorance, or interest will force them to give place. For the constant example of the world will demonstrate, that those very works, by which the artist, when living, could procure neither emolument, attention, nor respect, are, after his death, held up as objects of perfection, unattainable by any existing talents, while the timorous claimant to excellence is treated with scorn and derision.

“ See nations slowly wise, and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.”



THE
SLIGHTED BEAUTY,
OR THE
ADVENTURES OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY;
INCLUDING
A CONCISE VIEW
OF THE
PROGRESS OF THE FINE ARTS
IN VARIOUS PARTS OF EUROPE.

“ And what’s her history ?

“ A blank, my Lord.”

Twelfth Night.

DEDICATION

TO

S H A D E,

MASTER OF ART, THE FRIEND OF ARTISTS AND OF MANKIND.

May it please your Excellency,

TRULY sensible of the abhorrence in which your Excellency holds every thing like show or ostentation, and that your chief delight is to shun all notoriety, ever bestowing your patronage most liberally on those only who possess diffidence, modesty, and merit, I fear, by this public address, I shall intrude on your repose, and I feel the impropriety of so doing; yet being well assured that my work must ultimately find its safest retreat under your all-powerful shelter, and having also experienced so many favours from the influence of your clemency, I am now emboldened to lay this my production at your Excellency's feet; for if the brightest diamond seems to receive new lustre in your presence, why should I not hope that some benefit may accrue from it to my work of paste; and, added to this, that the opinions of my

friends, as well as my enemies, most cordially concur with mine, in placing my chief reliance on what your Excellency may do for me, and they all acknowledge my prudence in so doing.

I dare not hope for greater favour than you can bestow ; therefore, of necessity, my labours must be dedicated to you alone.

That mildness in your nature, which makes you screen the defects of all who crave your assistance, is a characteristic mark of your benevolent disposition, and gains you the love of all mankind.

Whilst the greatest of Kings or Emperors, quitting awhile their dignity, and descending from their thrones, must court your favour, you most humbly condescend to be the universal friend of every species of wretchedness.

The most profligate of sinners prostrate before you implore your aid. 'Tis you who stand the only bulwark that misery can raise against insult. Nor is your Excellency in the smaller acts of humanity less ample in your mercy. How often does the poor Artist, in the difficulties of his profession, fly to you for succour ; who receive him with compassion, soften all his misdeeds, conceal those deformities which he cannot mend, unite and connect his dissipated materials, and if nothing better can be done, you hide him from derision, disgrace, and scorn.

Kind protector of the simple, safe friend of the weak, who, under your auspices, are exposed neither to danger nor contempt, whilst shame and confusion await those rash fools who rush headlong from your retreats, still keep me in your favour! and when at last my mortal course is finished, and I am become wholly devoted to you, then, in pity to my imperfections, kindly unite with Time and Death to soften the memory of all my errors past!

May it please your Excellency,

I am, my Lord,

With bounden duty,

Your Excellency's most humble slave,

THE AUTHOR,

And a FRIEND TO THE SLIGHTED BEAUTY.

From my Sky-light,

Feb. 20, 1811,

THE SLIGHTED BEAUTY.

BOOK I.

Rei simulacrum et imago
Ante oculos semper nobis versatur et instat.

CHAPTER I.

THE person whose history I here relate, is well known to many ; therefore, as we are able, we ought to be willing to assist our friend by every laudable means in our power ; and, those who understand her sorrows, ought to become her champions, prove her blameless before the world, and shew that her low and degraded condition is not her fault, but her misfortune only ; and that, by a little attention and decent good usage, she might have become the ornament of the kingdom and the delight of Europe.

The matter, to which I solicit the attention of compassionate readers, is what is commonly called a case. It is the true and most piteous case of a *Slighted Beauty*, who is not yet quite dead, and therefore may be recovered and restored to her friends. I have concealed her name by her own desire,

because she, with her usual sweetness and modesty, said, she did not wish to come before the public as a complaining sufferer, but chose to pine in obscurity, rather than appear as an impertinent intruder ;—that was her very expression. I candidly told her, I was unused to writing, and therefore much feared I should not do her cause that justice which it deserved. “ Ah !” said she, “ we must depend on the force of truth alone, which may do more, and make a greater impression on the tender-hearted, than even eloquence itself ; for I have often observed, that simple and unadorned truth has in its nature a power which neither the highest art nor most fertile invention can supply ; and sorrow sometimes makes even silence her best aid, and her best orator.”

I sat a good while with her, and we had a long consultation on what would be the best and most effectual mode of delivering her story, so as to draw attention from an idle or a busy world ; and, in the end, she kindly paid me the compliment to say, that she should place full confidence in my will, as well as in my power, and left me entirely to my own discretion to act as I thought best.

I have, therefore, related her case in the manner of a narrative, from the time of her birth to the moment I was sitting at her bed-side, where she was confined by a sad cold, caught, I believe, by wearing wet shoes.

I have so sincere a friendship for this lady, that I am filled with apprehensions of not having given her case that entertaining and attractive air, which might create an interest for

her suffering virtues, and make her painful situation sufficiently known for her own benefit. I was always a great lover of strict and hard truth, and have told her disastrous history without any of those beautifying incidents which captivate the polite readers of the present day. This compendium of sorrows is no novel of invention, from which are to be expected astonishing adventures and hair-breadth escapes ; it contains no scenes of disappointed and distracted love, no display of unexampled villainy, no ghosts, witches, enchantments, foundlings, sentimental court ladies, philosophers, waiting-maids, lords, gamesters, assassins, or inn-keepers. Moreôver, the perfections and imperfections of my unfortunate friend are here set down without fancied or fantastic exaggerations. In short, the whole interest must depend on its being received as a simple and true statement of her sad case ; and I now deliver it to the world, with the hope it may be of service to her, equal to my wish to serve her.

CHAPTER II.

Of the Education and personal Perfections of our Heroine and how she became the adopted Daughter of a Sovereign Prince.

THE enchanting, but unfortunate young lady, whose memoirs are the subject of the following sad pages, was not more eminent for her extraordinary accomplishments, than for the ill-treatment which she has experienced in her progress through

life ; and which ill-treatment is the more to be marvelled at, when we take into consideration the auspicious appearance of her early years, and the fortunate circumstances which attended them ; all which I shall presently relate.

As to her birth, no very clear account of it can be given ; but her family is said to be of very great antiquity, and she herself is supposed to be descended, in a direct line, from the great Apelles, of everlasting fame. This, I believe, is a literal truth, and no false emblazonment made out through thick and thin, in imitation of those liberal minded gentlemen, the heralds, who possess so much of the milk of human kindness, that they make but little difficulty in decorating with two or three hundred years of ancestry those lucky children of poverty who have gained high titles, no matter how ; whether by virtue, or by vice. It is fully sufficient for my purpose, to inform the gentle reader, that the family of our heroine had indeed lain for a very long time in obscurity, and, as I may say, under a cloud ; but its character was still so much respected in the country in which she was born, that no sooner was her birth declared, than she was adopted by the sovereign, and immediately intrusted to the care of a venerable matron, to whose extraordinary virtues and knowledge, he himself was indebted, not only for the great strength he had acquired in his limbs during his infancy, but also for the surprising influence which he afterwards gained in his own dominions, and those of his neighbours ; and happy would it have been for him, and for the rest of mankind, if he had continued to conform to her sage counsels, and had not indulged himself in so

many of his own capricious whims and fancies as he afterwards shewed ; for he was a prince of despotic power, and of the highest order of sovereigns.

This potentate was somewhat singular in his character ; and it is necessary that I should inform the reader of some of those singularities, that he may have the clearer idea of the kind of education and manner of life in which our young heroine was brought up under this fond patron.

In the first place, he might be considered, without any dispute, as the most learned prince in Europe, having a consummate knowledge of the world ; a master of politics ; and, for all matters of taste, exquisite in his perceptions beyond all competition ; and so supreme was his dominion, (in his own opinion, at least,) that he conceived he had not only the command over the bodies of his subjects, but that their souls also were at his disposal. Notwithstanding all this, there was such a mildness in his government over all those who acknowledged his whimsical authority, that his indulgences became a proverb ; for he has often and often been known to grant a free pardon to such as most richly deserved to have been hanged, and, moreover, to bestow his blessing on them. But then he could not bear the least contradiction, and, on frequent occasions, would fall into paroxysms of rage, and pour out such a volley of frightful oaths and curses, that it would have made your hair stand an end only to have heard them. He would most gladly have seen the objects of his wrath burnt to a cinder without mercy, and actually has commanded those deeds of cruelty to be executed on certain culprits, when he

could lay hold on them ; which made all those who had offended him keep out of his reach. Yet, that he was a wise prince, cannot be denied, in spite of the many odd humours to which I have said he was subject ; one of which was, that he would always persist in wearing three crowns upon his head at one and the same time. He was also surprizingly devout, and spent a very large portion of his time in prayer and religious ceremonies ; for he was the supreme head of his church, and supremely partial to its interest and aggrandisement. To this is to be added, that whatever end he desired to gain, was sought for by any species of means best fitted to his purpose ; sometimes by eminent learning, piety, or virtue ; sometimes by art and cunning ; and sometimes he gained his wish by the mere chance of good fortune.

Such, then, was the nature of that court in which our favoured heroine received the first impressions on her mind ; but, although thus nursed by Fortune, and assisted by powerful patronage and adoption, all seemed less than her deserts, and, when balanced in the scale against her own various accomplishments, was but as chaff weighed against gold.

Her person, even from her childhood, was beautiful, and, as she grew up, became a model of the most perfect proportion. Indeed, it was a common saying, that the Medicean Venus might have passed for her portrait, or that she herself had been formed from that statue. Her mind was not less accomplished than her body, and each seemed to strive with the other for pre-eminence. The gracefulness of her action was like that to be seen in the highest efforts of design by Parme-

giano, accompanied by a melting softness and sweetness, such as we find only in the pictures of Correggio, and which cannot be described by words. The fascinating expression of her eyes and countenance, might vie with the utmost exertions of the pencil of Raphael himself, and was attended with all his simplicity; and the texture of her skin, and glow of her complexion, can only be compared to the happiest tints of Titian. When she became animated by extraordinary events, she could assume a dignity of deportment that would astonish, and raise herself to be on a par with the sublimity of Michael Angelo; then, again, soften into all the exquisite feminine mildness, beauty, or patient piety, expressed by Guido or Domenichino. Her dress was regulated by that taste, which no rule can give or controul: it comprehended all the advantages of the ancient statues; it displayed all the perfections of her exquisite form, yet seemed like the garb of purity itself. She despised all trivial ornaments, and indeed, as the poet says, appeared "most adorned" without them. She was, from her cradle, the subject of universal admiration, yet flattery never made her vain to her detriment: it only increased her desire to deserve praise; beautiful without conceit, graceful without affectation, playful without vulgarity, grand without arrogance, soft without weakness, and wise without austerity.

Thus accomplished, it is natural to suppose that she must have been sought after and courted by princes of the greatest kingdoms, and that happiness must have been her lot; but this record will serve to shew, how uncertain are all the fortunes of this life. Her patron father had often promised to deck

her with princely honours and titles ; but various accidents interrupted those intentions, so that they never came to completion. I observed before, that from her earliest infancy, she had been intrusted to the care of a wise and prudent governess, one who had dedicated herself to the holy offices of the church ; and her scholar, educated by her in all its solemnities, had acquired a kind of awful, pensive dignity of demeanour, which, like nature itself, pervaded her behaviour in every action, and gave a grace that seemed divine. As she was the adopted daughter of a princely father, who, it must be remembered, was high-priest as well as temporal sovereign of his empire, most of her time, in compliance with his pleasure as well as her own gratification, was dedicated to the pious service of the church, in which she assisted, and adorned it with surpassing skill, judgment, and taste. This gained her universal admiration, and the homage paid to her was carried to such an extent, that it only fell short of raising altars to her name.

CHAPTER III.

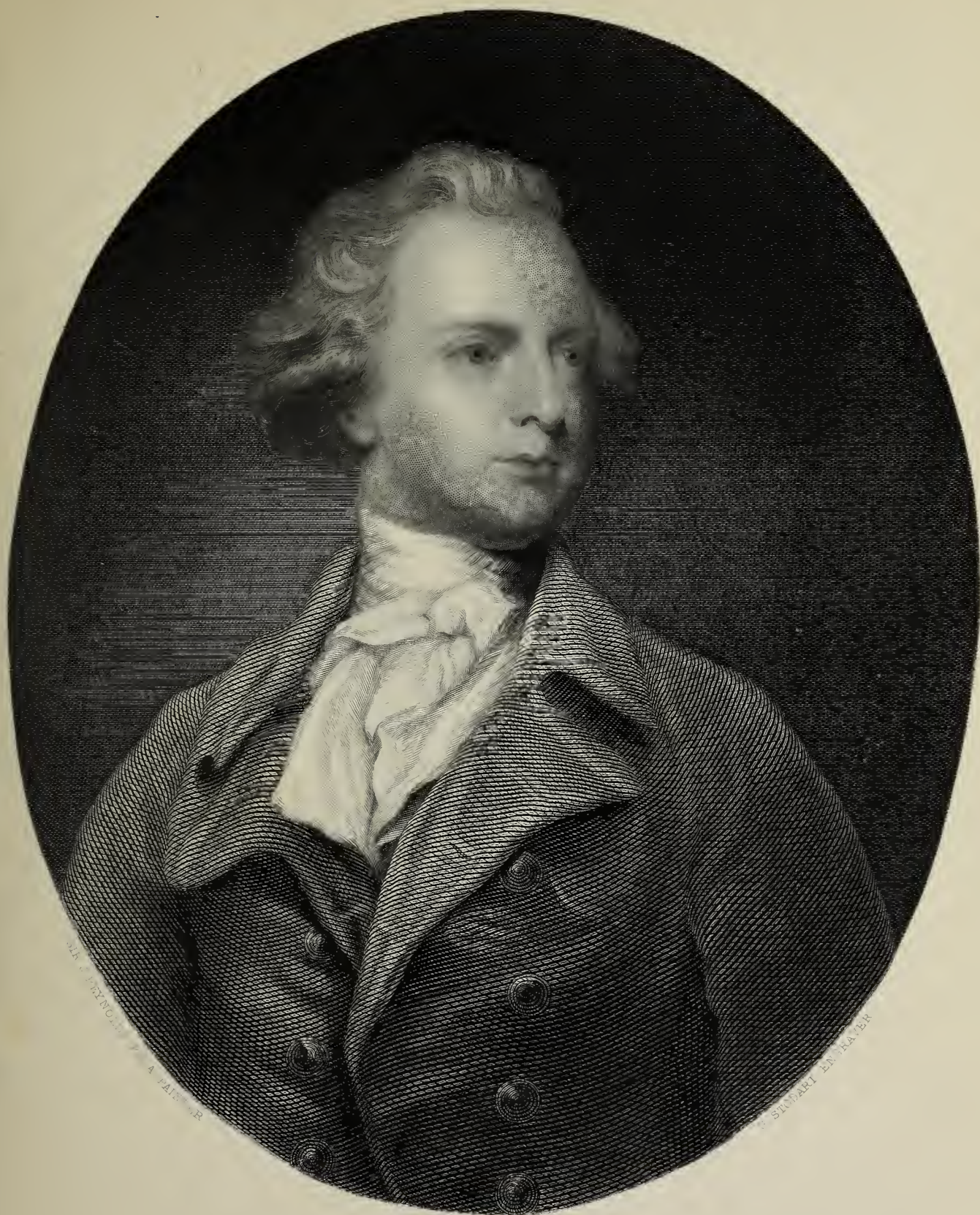
How our Heroine grew tired of her Father's Court, and how she set out on her Travels to see the World.

THE eminence and fame of our fair lady soon became the universal topic of conversation, and she was earnestly solicited by the greatest personages to visit every kingdom of Europe. This highly gratified her only foible (if it may so be deemed), a little tincture of the romantic, which produced

a desire to wander into countries known to her merely by their names; and when thus pressed on every side, so consistently with her own inclination, no wonder if she easily yielded, and formed the resolution to become a traveller and see the world. Thus determined, she soon afterwards quitted her father's court, accompanied by her faithful protectress, who was firmly attached to her by the strongest ties of friendship, and a kind of parental affection. She received her father's benediction at her departure, and, by his command, a splendid retinue in the service of the church attended in her train. She rested at most of the cities in the districts under her father's dominion, and conducted herself so admirably, that she was treated with little less reverence than that which would have been paid to himself if present.—She also made a visit to Venice, where she continued for some time, appearing in great splendour; and it was remarked, that the front of her palace was most superbly ornamented, and that nobody had ever before hoisted such brilliant colours on their gondola.—She thence took the route of Germany, and shortly after arrived in that country, where she was likewise received with the utmost possible marks of respect, and every honour was paid her agreeably to the dignity of her origin and connexions, and her own virtues and accomplishments. What added eminently to the grandeur of her appearance (which seemed to claim respect above a mortal) was the religious retinue, which still attended on her, and threw a sacred air over her, which excluded all idle and vulgar intruders.

But here we may observe the ill consequences of a circumstance which particularly affects those who are not of age sufficiently mature to have their habits fixed. In Germany,

she had no longer those high examples of conduct before her, which she was wont to contemplate and imitate; and, being suddenly deprived of those, she scarcely knew at first how to deport herself, and her manner became stiff, dry, and awkward; and when she shook off this, and attempted grace and greatness, she only made the matter worse, by running into absolute affectation and ranting bombast.—She soon quitted this region, to gratify Spain with the honour of her presence; and when there, as if inspired by that grave and dignified people, she became herself again: her whole conduct, during her stay in the country, was a display of piety, dignity, and genius. She was accordingly treated with singular attention, and loaded with honours and with profit. She was still under the guidance of her faithful governess, and in no period of her life did she shew herself a more laudable example of universal imitation: it is no wonder, therefore, that, though urged by curiosity and strong desire to proceed on her travels, she could not leave Spain without regret.—She quitted it at length for Flanders, where she assumed a new appearance and mode of carriage. In this country it was that she made the first considerable departure from her original dignity and gravity of character. Owing to the free manners of the people with whom she consorted, and to the continuance of absence from her father's controul, she seemed by degrees (in her own apprehension at least) more at liberty to act for herself; and, being inexperienced in the world, she saw every thing in a new light, and felt great enjoyment in the state of freedom which she conceived she had attained. She found herself perfectly cleared from the stateliness, and (as it now seemed) gloomy dignity of the solemn institutions to which she had dedicated



her first studies. Her deportment from this time began to alter greatly. One of the first symptoms remarkable in this change, was the prodigious fondness she shewed for dress and every species of finery, so very contrary to any thing of the kind which had hitherto manifested itself in her disposition, except when at Venice, where she had acquired great credit by the brilliancy of her appearance: a circumstance which now encouraged her to carry it to excess, to the equal surprise and grief of her faithful protectress, who one day saw her going into public dressed out with silks and ribbands, which contained every gaudy colour of the rainbow; red, blue, yellow, purple, green, orange, as if striving which should shew the brightest, were floating in the air in all directions at every step she took. She shewed also a prodigious love for flowers, and frequently would adorn herself with such enormous nosegays, that at times you could not see her face for them. All this fondness for shewy colours gave inexpressible trouble to her prudent guardian, who would often enter into discourse on the subject, and finish with long and most sagacious lectures and admonitions. She observed to her, how much such frippery took from dignity, obscured real beauty, betrayed a vulgar taste, and was wholly incompatible with a character of importance, or even of chastity. But all this was said in vain: Miss was enamoured of a rainbow, and nothing seemed likely to cure her of her fancy. Her sage adviser had only the consolation of remarking, that she always kept herself extremely clean, and that she had so judiciously assorted those glowing hues, that they wonderfully set off each other. But the most odd part was, that she would not give up the pleasure of showing off in those bright tints, how much soever the

circumstances of her situation seemed to demand it ; and often went in her favourite gaudy dress to accompany the mourners at a funeral, where, if she wept, she still looked gay.

She was now become a buxom, laughing, joking girl ; romped with the men, and so much enjoyed herself, that she ate and drank in such sort as to grow enormously lusty, and soon became nearly as broad as she was high. The beauties and graces of the Grecian contour were now no longer to be discerned : the whole form was lost in the quantity of flesh, which engrossed her once delicate and graceful limbs, and her brawny shoulders, fat elbows, and cherry cheeks, appeared as red as a brickbat.

In derision, her companions gave her the nick-name of the *flesh shambles*.

CHAPTER IV.

How the beautiful Wanderer became so well pleased with Travelling, that she would go on with it ; also of the pithy Advice that was given her by her old Duenna, who would not go on with her.

OUR Beauty became so gay, and so well pleased with these first essays of her travels, that nothing would satisfy her humour, but she would proceed in quest of new adventures : and, at first, she concluded that her pious companion would still have attended her ; but, on the question being put, the

answer was an absolute refusal, accompanied with a thousand entreaties that she would not thus court disaster, penury, and contempt, nor obtrude herself an unwelcome visitor in strange countries. But, buoyed up by success and flattery, and still impelled by curiosity, she turned a deaf ear to every argument which could be offered against her darling wish ; for she was filled with the notion of her own consequence, and sufficiently convinced in her mind that she should meet with a joyful reception in whatever place she deigned to bless with her presence ; and, in spite of all dangers, she resolved to go on, although alone, (her religious retinue having now left her,) unfriended, and without a guide : like another Minerva, she was above those weaknesses so common to the female sex, and she became very impatient till the hour was fixed, at which she was to pursue her wandering project. When, at last, the time of her departure was arrived, the final leave which took place between her and her sacred friend, hitherto her protectress, was very affecting, and many tears were shed on each part. Nothing could prevail on the devotee to accompany her ward one step further ; but she wept and embraced, and embraced and wept again : she implored Heaven that every blessing might attend on all her beloved wanderer's ways ;—“ But many,” said she, “ are the sad forebodings of my mind, that all your days of good are past, never more to return. When both religion and the church have forsaken you, I much fear a curse will light upon your head.—Poor unfortunate child ! will you urge your fate ? Will you seek the land where you will cry in vain for succour ? Thy soft voice cannot, will not, be heard in the world's tumult ; nor can the intrinsic benefits of thy great faculties, when dimly seen (most assuredly)

under the cloud of adversity, appear to be sufficiently important to claim the notice of a state.

“ My darling child,” continued she, “ pray you, take care ! Do not descend to mean and servile tricks ; rather embrace poverty, even to death, than submit to such resources. Remember the dignity of your extraction, the purity of your education, and the high importance of your first employments. Regard ever with reverential awe those powers which Heaven has intrusted to your guidance, and use them only for the best and purest services of mankind, as you were wont to do heretofore.

“ I have reason to think your prudence already lessened, but much I fear that in other countries it will be wholly lost. I but too plainly foresee that you will be reduced to the extreme verge of want, and therefore will abandon yourself to all the imperious caprices of the ignorant or the rich. How different was once your state, under the protection, the splendid influence of a beneficent, an indulgent father ! one of such acknowledged judgment and taste, who loved to see you in the full exertion of your talents, displaying them with that dignity which ever must accompany their services in the cause of devotion and of heroic virtue ! No longer is thy elevated mind to be employed in awful contemplation on the divine missions of prophets and apostles, no more to be enwrapt in heavenly glories of descending angels o’er the Saviour of the world, nor evermore to be called in aid to represent the sacred extasies of expiring saints and holy martyrs !—Go, go, presumptuous, friendless, orphan !—(O cutting, mortifying, re-

flection!)—Go, and meet thy future doom, to aid the vulgar mirth of boors in their hovels, and join their dance to ill-played tunes on fiddles and on bagpipes ; to repeat their childish humours, and be thy very self no more ! Go, keep a small-ware shop, be the retailer of ribands and of frippery ; turn milliner, and watch the passing moment of the mode, lest it perish ere you catch it ! Thus become the historian of the idle ; and remember that, like a stage-dancer, you keep a fixed eternal smirk upon your face, lest you should be thought too grave, and thereby disgust your customers.—Prepare thyself for all this, for this, I predict, will be thy fate.

“ Little do you know or reflect on the value of your protectress, whom you now quit and lose for ever, and with her all your earthly importance ; for with myself I shall withdraw that sacred veil in which you seemed to be enshrined ; you will become now no better than a forlorn, abandoned wanderer, a vagabond, an outcast ! You will find, my child, by sad experience, that you have lost your terrestrial paradise : it is a rude world that lies before you, in which to seek your dwelling-place, and folly for your guide.—Farewell, my daughter ! farewell for ever !” Her voice was choaked, and she turned away, bathed in a flood of useless tears.

Thus finished the remonstrance of the enthusiastic devotee. Our young heroine also shed tears ; but these, like the showers of spring, were soon dried up, and their cause as soon forgotten.

CHAPTER V.

How the Beauty continued her Travels, and how the Author cannot tell whither, but supposes it was to England; and of the strange Adventures she met with there.

AT this period of our Beauty's history, a doubt occurs, which it will puzzle future connoisseurs and antiquaries to clear up; and in distant ages, when this renowned and ever-to-be-remembered history becomes the subject of the remarks, annotations, and animadversions of future critics, whose grandfathers are yet unborn, it will then, I say, be found, that the author did not know whether the fair wanderer's first visit, after she quitted Flanders, was to France or England; and, for any help that I can give them, it must remain in eternal obscurity, as she herself never informed me, and I, from my profound respect to her, never presumed to trouble her with any inquiries, fearing I might give offence. I received whatever she chose to relate to me, and only added to it from my own certain knowledge of her adventures. Thus, then, it stands; for I would not, in this my unbiassed, unadulterated, unsophisticated, and true history, given to the best of my knowledge, relate a single incident, when I was not fully convinced of its authenticity.

It is a certain fact, however, that both these kingdoms of England and France obtained the honour of her presence, as I

shall hereafter shew. And I must also observe, that to whichever it was she paid the first visit, it makes no material difference in regard to the great and important purpose for which I became the humble historian of her chequered life. Therefore, to proceed without further interruption, I shall conclude that her next visit was paid to England, which country, for certain, she had long desired to see; and it is equally certain, that, at her arrival, she was received with the kindest welcome, and, at first, every appearance seemed to be in her favour; for it is with pleasure I am able to say, that, during her abode in our country, she was flattered by the addresses of no less than two admirers, (at different periods,) both of the highest rank in the kingdom. The first of these received and cherished her, when but a stranger in the land, with tokens of the highest regard; though, in the end, he became her real enemy, and gave a fatal blow to her interest in this country; for he was in his nature a fickle tyrant, and had treated his wives no better; for out of six, which he had married, he cruelly murdered two, yet persisted in saying they died a proper death, and so got rid of the vile business.

Her next admirer was a man of the most accomplished manners, of high taste, refined mind, and possessed of a thousand virtues. She loved him sincerely, but lost him by an untimely death, so undeserved, that the awful recollection is terrible. An enthusiastic crew assassinated him, and then seized on all his property, and possessed themselves of all his power. This event threw her into such a deplorable state of melancholy and despondence, that it had very nearly cost her her life. She mourned his loss not only as her lover, but also

as her protector, friend, and patron ; for, had he lived longer, he would have aggrandized her to the utmost of her wishes. But there had been no opportunity, during the short period of their acquaintance, for him to give her that high importance to which she had been accustomed in her early days ; and, at last, his own affairs became so embarrassed, that it was no longer in his power. But he loved and encouraged her endeavours, and afforded her a thousand opportunities of displaying her exquisite taste, judgment, and fine genius ; and happy were all her days until his fatal death !—What also at the time increased her calamity, (already too great,) was, that those who laid claim to his effects, as his successors, immediately set about to wreak their utmost vengeance on all his late favourites, and on herself amongst the rest. Indeed, she was the particular object of their abomination ; first, for her own sake, for they could discern no virtues which she possessed ; next, because she had been the favourite of their predecessor ; and lastly, on account of her father, to them most detestable, whom they called by the formidable appellation of the Scarlet Whore of Babylon. In short, they conceived such an inveterate hatred against her, that they lost no time in satisfying their fury, but posted suddenly away to her place of residence, and broke into the house with an intent, if possible, to have annihilated her at once : but by good luck she escaped out of their hands alive, though not till her clothes were almost torn off her body. After having thus frightened her into flight, they directed their vengeance against all that appertained to her, and instantly made seizure of every particle of her property, which at the time was very considerable ; and this was done, not with the intention to make any use of it

for their own good, but merely by way of expressing their inveterate spite and detestation of her power, being tastelessly insensible to her merits. They, with violent and rude hands, tore down all the beautiful ornaments and hangings of the rooms, which they burnt or broke to pieces, and wished to have done it before her face: they also demolished every bit of painted glass in all the windows, only because it had been placed there by her desire. Then, filled with all that confidence of superiority and pride, which conceit and ignorance only can bestow, they paused; and, blessing themselves while they surveyed the precious ruin, turning up the whites of their puritanical eyes in pious ecstasy of zeal, cried, “ Now behold the downfall of this vile harlot’s witchery and popish charms! No more shall such vicious trumpery disgrace our venerable walls; let them in future be all pure, and plain white-wash; or, if they ever are to be discoloured, let it be by natural damp, black smoke, or green mildew; for true devotion can defy all filth! No popish stuff nor show for us! And we also prophecy, that our pure example shall be observed, and imitated (in this our country at least) till time shall be no more!”

It might have been expected, that after all this was done, their rage would have been satiated: but no; they were not content with destroying her substance, and driving her from her habitation, but they also vowed their utmost vengeance against all those who should dare even to give her harbour, and aimed at starving her to death, or at least driving her out of the country; and they still heightened the bitterness of her calamity by the addition of most virulent abuse, inventing a

thousand falsehoods to her prejudice, and setting all the neighbourhood against her ; accusing her of profligacy, saying they were well assured of her wicked life and conversation ; that she had connived with, and assisted, a diabolical old wizard—a father, as she called him, and had been his chief instrument to inoculate the world with sin, by promoting and assisting all his vile juggling tricks, and had given a helping hand to all his impostures ; that she was no better than a sorceress, and that none of her wicked arts should ever in future be played on their premises ; that she was a vile limb of the devil, and trained to serve his evil purposes ; that she deserved no less punishment than excommunication, and therefore was, by their supreme order and decree, from that moment excommunicated and curst out of church, and solemnly forbid ever again to enter its gates.

These pious tyrants next levelled their vengeance at a person who was only her cousin-german. He was one who possessed great talents, had been for some time settled in the kingdom, and was become a man of considerable consequence, having acquired the dignity of a doctor in the universities. This victim they now doomed to share nearly the same fate with our Beauty. He was accordingly most rudely turned out of the church, on the charge of having practised a vile habit of whistling jigs there in service-time ; besides which, they had much other matter to urge against his conduct, such as that he was a noisy, inflated, roaring, empty fellow, with a voice like a trumpet, insomuch that, wherever he was present, nothing could be heard but himself. Thus, by the loudness of his voice alone, he could force into silence the gravest

preacher or the gayest wit ; that he was a great encourager of hops and dancing meetings, in which he was sure always to be one amongst the thickest of them ; that he was fond of singing what is called a good song in company, to the great delight of sinners, and the great annoyance of the trembling saints.

All this, and more, was uttered by the pious, in their wrath against him, on his being cast out from amongst them, as an abomination to their tabernacle.

He cared, however, very little for this spiteful crew of enemies, as he was a light-hearted, well-meaning, pleasant fellow, and was always sure of a welcome wherever he came ; for he had such a fascinating power, that the men followed him with delight, and as to the ladies, they were all in love with him to distraction ; insomuch that, in a very few years after this, he got again into favour, and was caressed and cherished even in the heart of the church, and, although he was of a gay and expensive turn, yet he was never left in want of either meal or money.

But it was far otherwise in the case of our unfortunate Beauty ; the antipathy to her was inveterate and lasting : when she was dismissed by the church, it was to return no more ;—she was, indeed, the veriest sport of Fortune.

CHAPTER VI.

How the Beauty makes a sudden retreat into Holland, and of the strangeness of her whims in that country.

OUR fair heroine, being reduced to the miserable plight in which we left her, was obliged to quit England as soon as possible, or it would have been worse for her. “The rich,” says a certain author, “may revenge themselves with arms; the poor have only tears.”

She skulked about for a short time in a starving state, and then fled into Holland, where, being by this time pretty much humbled through her late afflictions, she was, from stern necessity, determined for the present to conform her manners entirely to the humours of the people, who were so much her friends as to receive her and give her harbour.—Now, as a fallen angel, shorn of her rays, she no longer beamed with holy splendour. Her original dignity, though it never forsook her, was for a time totally forgotten. Like the cameleon, she seemed only to crawl upon the earth, reflecting the image of whatever was nearest to her. She sung and she danced, she played childish fooleries with the boors, and many tricks she practised, all in a most enchanting manner. Among these, were her surprizing feats by candle-light, which she performed often to the infinite pleasure of all the spectators. She also practised in artificial flower-making with surprizing success :

indeed her fruit and flowers would equally deceive and delight the dilettante, or still greater connoisseur, the insect. She gamed, smoaked, and sometimes even fought with the most vulgar in their carousing booths, and imitated all their manners to the life : she no longer prided herself on grace, beauty, or even on being a human figure ; in truth, you would scarcely have recognized her original person : she now seemed without form, from the quantity of her petticoats—absolutely a shapeless wallet with feet, hands, and a face—but she captivated the crowd, and they rewarded her in return, not indeed with splendour, but with plenty.

It was about this time (I think) that she received a most pressing invitation to pay a visit to France, where every indulgence was promised her, and where she was assured that every caprice of her humour would be regarded with delight and applause. Such fair offers from that gay country soon prevailed, and she accordingly made preparations for a speedy departure.

CHAPTER VII.

What a Fool the Beauty was in France ; and what a Fool she was to leave it.

WE have already seen the great change in our Beauty's conduct, as compared with her former character ; her example proved most conspicuously the old proverb, that “ evil communications corrupt good manners ;” and it will be found that in

France she still upheld its truth, having in her disposition from nature, a strong desire to indulge all those who paid court to her. The sagacious reader must have already made the remark, that, in every country in which she resided, she always subdued her own better knowledge, judgment, manners, or even virtues, in order to please, and was humbly content to become the mere echo, as I may term it, of the nation with whom she was to live, and by whom she was to be supported. She could not bear to be neglected, neither could she exist without pecuniary aid, and for those weighty reasons alone, was always forced to be the true mirror of the people, and reflect back to them their own image. It was as necessary to do this, as to speak their language, especially when she was amongst those whom the inherent dignity of her own nature had no powers to charm.

But to proceed in our history. We now find the fair heroine safely arrived in France, where she was but too soon obliged to adopt all the modes and frivolous airs of that volatile nation. None of her changes were more surprizing or more quickly executed ; she seemed presently to be one of their own creation. She dressed and simpered with the gayest, and when she chose to appear grave, would quickly assume an elegant desponding air, would lay herself down in an attitude of the most studied grace, on a gilded sofa, canopied with festoons of jessamine and roses ;—she painted her cheeks, and bit her lips to make them red, and, prettily lisping, talked as if she was a forsaken, half naked, Arcadian shepherdess.—Sometimes, she fancied herself Venus attended by the Graces, with a flight of little playful Cupids floating round her ; at other times

she would deck herself out in a helmet and armour made of foil and gilt leather, with a truncheon in one hand and paper thunder-bolts in the other, strut about her apartments, and call herself Minerva or Juno, talk of Homer, and give herself such airs, that you would have taken her for one crazed in her wits. Then again she affectedly assumed all the solemn gravity of religion; then quickly dressed herself like Harlequin or Columbine, and looked just as if she was about to dance a jig in a booth before a puppet-show. In short, I cannot but own, that, during her abode in France, she at times made herself more justly a subject of ridicule and contempt, than in any other country she had visited—her conceit and affectation were so great. Nevertheless she was well received throughout the whole kingdom, and was courted, caressed, and handsomely rewarded, so as to pass her days in affluence and pleasure.

Yet, to do her character all justice, it must be confessed, that during the part of her time in France, in which she associated with such persons as were of learning and science, she conducted herself with that degree of propriety and judgment, that she justly deserved the applause she gained by it; thus affording another proof of her powers and versatility, by shewing that she could be great when with the great, and little when with the little.

B O O K II.

C H A P T E R I.

A wonderful Discovery, which does not much forward the Progress of the Story.

THE courteous reader may easily conceive the painful state of my mind, when I inform him that I have heard various mortifying opinions given upon the former part of this simple narrative, by different individuals who have perused it.* Some have called it a romantic fable, declared it was impossible to be a truth, or even founded on truth; and of so wild and incoherent a kind, that they could not conceive what it was about; and have finished by determining, that it was not a real and pure statement of any case whatever. Thus it appears that I have lost my labour with those readers, having done no good or service to my forlorn friend.

On the other hand, those of a higher degree of sagacity, who conceive they can see deeper into a millstone than their

* It is to be observed, that the first part of this history was published many months before the remainder, in the papers called the Artist.



THE MARQUISS OF GRANDBY.

Sir Jos. Reynolds Pinx.

W Bond. Aqua fortis fecit.

neighbours, affect to discover a subtle meaning in this my pitiable relation: they grant it is a fable, but make out the full interpretation of it in their own minds, as clear as the sun at noon-day is to their sight. “It alludes,” say they, “to things real, though mixed with things imaginary: and this mode has been adopted by the writer, in order to give a more distinct idea of the subject in hand, as viewed from a certain point.” The *Slighted Beauty*, according to them, (for I am well aware of what they have said,) is no more than a personification of the Art of Painting. The *father* who adopted her, must mean the Popes or Bishops of Rome; by her old *duenna*, is signified the Romish religion; her conduct in Flanders is supposed to be the type or emblem of the prevalent characteristics of the Flemish school of art; and the same of Holland, France, Spain, England, &c. &c.—Her two *lovers* mean Henry the Eighth and Charles the First: and the banishment of herself and her *cousin-german* alludes to the conduct of the Puritans, when they discharged painting and music from the service of the church:” and thus they go on, as if they had it all their own way, without ever consulting the poor author, or thinking it in the least degree necessary to have his consent; they have thus determined, and, as that excellent and sage proverb has it, “Just as the fool thinketh, so the bell clinketh.” But to do them full justice, it must be confessed, that they are willing to do the author the same, and thus they go about it:

“It is not intended,” say they, “in this hasty sketch, to throw any slight upon the multifarious practice of the graphic art in this country, but merely some opinions are given, to

serve as a vindication of British talents against those foreigners and others, who have endeavoured to prove that Englishmen do not possess, equally with other nations, that native genius requisite to qualify them for becoming illustrious, in what, by the ladies and their maids, is termed *the polite arts* ; and that the author has, in his simplicity, attempted to give, in this tale, his own notions why the sublime in art does not thrive in the bosom of this his own dear country :” and they very candidly allow, that, if what the author has asserted cannot be denied to be a true statement, (and which they very kindly say it cannot,) why, then it proves, that the cause is not the want of intellectual powers in our countrymen, but the want of opportunity only to display them.”

They still proceed—“ Neither is it (say they) intended in this little work, to deny that a most ample share of fame, patronage, and profit, (at least equal to the just claims,) is bestowed on those departments of art, which, in conformity to the disposition of the natives, occupy its professors in this country. But,” they say, “ there is another distinct province of art, which is totally unknown in this country, and, there is also great reason to fear, will ever so remain. It is that, in which were produced the Cartoons of Raphael, and the Capella Sistina of Michael Angelo ; that, in which Painting makes its claim to such high intellectual pre-eminence,” and they declare it to be that description of art *alone*, which is here alluded to. As the author, I cannot but in justice acknowledge, that I have very great obligations to those good commentators for so kindly informing me of what it was that I was about, or meant to do in this my work. But I

beg permission to offer a few words in my own vindication ; I wish I had been capable of the fancy or imagination which those critics insinuate ; then indeed I might have embellished my little history with allegory, and beguiled some idle readers, who, while they sought after amusement only, might have been cheated into knowledge, and so have made a moral use of my tale ; for well I know, that to do good by stealth has been the approved practice of all degrees of philosophers, from those who conveyed it in a parable, even to those who administer it in a gilded pill. There is a strange perverseness in human nature, an unaccountable unwillingness to receive good for its own sake alone ; it must be sweetened and adapted to the palate by a flavour or dash of pleasure, and thus, while the appetites are deluded and off their guard, the benefit is done against the will ; and the greater or less quantity of wholesome medicine which is conveyed to the patient's relief, must wholly depend on the address with which it is administered. The power which is thus disguised, to insinuate itself with full effect, may, (though in this respect only,) be compared to the *Trojan Horse* ; that which is contained must be unknown to those who receive it, and please in the means to become powerful in the end.

I shall say nothing more in my defence, only beg leave to give a hint to those who raise such fabrics in their imaginations ; to wit, that they may sometimes perchance be mistaken ; and that fancy and facts do not always coincide. I shall take the liberty to produce one instance (as it is a known truth) in order to prove and explain what I now advance, and then

proceed to relate the remainder of my dry but faithful story, whether it be received as truth or not.

Not long since, in a populous street of a populous city, the passengers, as well as the neighbours, were awfully alarmed by horrid shrieks of murder in one of the houses. This soon collected a vast mob of all sorts, who as soon became tumultuous; and, as they could obtain no sort of information by repeated knocking at the door, it was determined to break it open by force, and enter the house to relieve this screaming victim from the jaws of death. But some amongst the crowd wished to oppose those violent measures, therefore a party of the guards was called in, to keep the multitude at bay; the peace-officers likewise were sent for, with the justice at their head, who was obliged to read the riot act, to keep order; but as the cries of distress still continued, it was determined at last to force the door open, in a legal way.—In the midst of this tumultuous clamour, the innocent family returned to their besieged house, having been abroad to spend a holy-day (it being Sunday). When, after great difficulty, and as great insults from the mob, they obtained a hearing from the enraged populace, they declared there could be no sufferer in the house, as no one had been left in it; and that this cruel murder, which had filled every head and heart with horror, was nothing more than the suggestion of the imagination set at work by the simple screaming of their parrot.

CHAPTER II.

How the Beauty re-embarked for England, and how she was used by the Custom-house Officers on her landing; what they took her to be, and the embarrassment it occasioned her. How she was mistaken for a Spy, and also for a Cook.

OUR beautiful Inconstant, still panting after variety, suddenly came to a resolution to try her fortune once more in fair England, where she had long conceived an ardent desire to pay a second visit, having of late learned that the former faction of her enemies was either destroyed, or, at least, pretty well kept under, and sufficiently humbled, so that she might very safely shew her face again in that kingdom. She accordingly, procuring a passage, took a French leave, and soon after safely arrived on the desired shore. Immediately on her landing, she was surrounded by the petty officers of the customs, who, not well knowing what to make of her, concluded she must be a spy, and therefore made seizure of all her baggage; but fortunately for her, they overlooked a small chest containing various articles of foreign taste, which she had picked up in the different countries in which she had resided. To this she immediately had recourse, and began to rig herself out in all the little remains of her property; and thus equipped, she made the strangest figure the world ever beheld, being obliged to wear the rags of every country in

Europe. Thus, she had a scarlet *Ferraiuolo* from Rome, a ruff and scarf from Spain, a black silk skirt from Venice, a thick woollen petticoat and a pair of skaiting shoes or boots from Holland, and a spangled robe of gauze from France, trimmed with a full sufficient quantity of Flanders lace ; and in consequence, she seemed, on her first appearance, to be so strongly attached to the various peculiarities and fashions of each country she had visited, that it was impossible to determine from which she came last ; nor would any one of those countries have been able honestly to claim her as their own. Yet, to do her strict justice, I must remark, that after all her various turns of fortune, and in the midst of this medley of rigging, she most evidently retained the highest idea of her original importance and character, and spoke with pride and pleasure of that part of her life, which she had passed in her native country ; condemned all others, Spain excepted, for false taste and vulgar manners, and finished by saying, her hopes now revived in breathing again in the land of liberty, liberality, and refinement. Being, however, rather reduced in her finances, she began to look about her for some proper mode, by which to get a reputable livelihood.

Endowed by nature with great abilities, (and those well cultivated, by every possible advantage of education, to fit her for employments which required the highest taste,) and having been particularly successful and admired by all the world, while in the court of her father, for her exquisite judgment in enriching, as well as adorning, so many magnificent churches, chapels, and halls, during all which time practice had added to the improvement of her talents ; she therefore congratulated

herself on her powers, and immediately fixed on the highest department of her skill, and the proper object of her future attention, and best befitting her rank and lofty genius. She now encouraged herself in the most sanguine hopes; in so much, that not a doubt remained in her mind, but that her fortune was made; especially when she saw the forlorn and unfurnished condition, as it appeared to her, of those numerous public buildings of the kingdom. Fired with all that enthusiasm which ever attends on genius, in the joy of her heart she exclaimed, "Now it is, that I shall again be seen in my original splendour, and shine the brighter by my late eclipse. Behold the land abounding with riches and public benevolence! a country whose annals teem with records of heroism and of virtue! Here indeed I shall find room for the exertions of genius! here give unbounded scope to fancy, and display before a wondering world such rare examples of novelty and of excellence, as shall surpass, perhaps, all that I have already achieved! nothing can bar my way or intercept my course;—and I am the more assured of this, when I reflect upon the many wealthy, splendid, and liberal *companies*, which compose the mighty mass of this immense metropolis; all of whom have superb halls, in which to hold their councils,—and those remaining unadorned—surely, it would seem, on my account, and only so left, because I did not return sooner to the kingdom."

Thus full of herself, she indulged in fantastic reveries; she fancied the joyful reception she should meet with, on the discovery of her person to those who had been so long in the expectation of her coming: and even enjoyed the idea of

playing off a kind of teasing plesantry upon them, before she discovered to those friends, who and what she was.

Her temperature was of a kind too energetic to suffer her to remain long idle. She, therefore, immediately began to put her plan in execution ; and, to increase the pleasure, was determined to apply, herself in person, to those in power, and surprize future patrons at once with her presence. Thus resolved, she sallied forth, full fraught with her own cosequence, and, with courage and unshaken perseverance, as if Apollo had gallantly led her by the hand, she went from house to house, and from hall to hall, but soon found the difficulty of obtaining admittance to any of the principal persons of those corporations ; and when, at last, she had the good fortune to gain a parley, she found it still more difficult to make them comprehend what it was she wanted of them. This she at first attributed to her not being able to speak very distinct English ; but some of the society, who thought they understood her better than their neighbours, answering for them, told her that they had no employment for her in the line she professed, for that all their banners and ornaments were generally painted by one of their own society, and it could not be expected that they should take the profits and advantages from him, to give it to a stranger, who had not even the freedom of the guild.

To several others of those fraternities she was still more incomprehensible, and much less able to make her case clear. They distinctly heard her use the words *decorating* and *dressing out* their halls with *taste* ; but taste with them had

another signification, and decorating and dressing were by them mistaken for decorating their table and dressing public dinners ; and therefore they answered her, that they did not dress their dinners in their halls, that they had a spacious and well furnished kitchen for that purpose alone, and then demanded of her if she was a professed cook, and in want of a situation.

To be thus defeated in her first essay, not a little discomposed her, and her spirits sunk on finding that nothing was to be done in this channel.

Those opulent traders, whose bounties are ever ready in all cases and on all occasions which you can once get them to comprehend, soon perceived her state of chagrin and disappointment with a sense of pity, and were willing to relieve her wants, had they but known how ; one way indeed occurred—by them considered as a sovereign remedy in such dilemmas—to which they accordingly had recourse, and, to stay her stomach, immediately presented her with a large bason of the richest turtle soup, which, in point of exquisite taste in its way, would not yield the palm to any production of taste in her own. The offer therefore was irresistible, especially to a craving appetite just arrived from France ; she mildly took it, smiled on their simplicity, and eat it, although in the only place which their politeness had allotted her, to wit, the porch or lobby, after which she retired to the contemplation of her present forlorn condition.

“ Ah !” said she, with a deep sigh, “ here is no hope that

the great actions of philosophers or heroes shall adorn *their* walls, who are much more edified by viewing in portrait the honest representation of some prudent successful trader, staring them in the face, to prove how much may be gained by industry and plodding, without the help of learning or of arts !”

CHAPTER III.

How the Beauty was disappointed in all her views, and how she had like to have been starved to death.

AFTER the cutting repulse (just related) of our Beauty's proffered services, she remained for some time in that state of painful depression, which is so well known to all those who suffer from mortified self opinion ; to which was added the immediate fear of poverty and dependence. She now called to mind her ancient and first friend the Church, and resuming her courage, resolved to make application immediately to that excellent source of patronage, learning, and benignity : “ Here, at least,” said she, “ I shall have to deal with persons of wisdom, science, and piety, whose minds have been enlightened by education, and whose habits are directed by virtue. Now I shall have no difficulty in making myself understood ; those learned men are sufficiently acquainted with the zeal I have shewn in the service of morality, and will quickly receive me as a bosom friend, as they will readily perceive that they have an opportunity to encourage a branch of science and of art, which demands, for the execution of its

purposes with just effect, the closest study, added to the highest intellectual powers."

On making the trial, however, she found, to her exquisite mortification, that she was indeed but too well understood ; for, she perceived, that although her former inveterate enemies were dispersed, yet the old prejudices against her character and connections still remained in all their original force. She was roughly answered, that none of her mummery or trumpery was wanted there ; that her pretensions had already been maturely considered ; and it was deemed highly necessary to inform her that her demand was impious, that her seducing character was clearly and thoroughly known, and her assurance amazing in applying to that source, or expecting that any assistance would be obtained from it to such heretical arts as hers. " Also, she must surely very well remember, that she had been already curst out of the pale of the church, and no new reason had occurred to render it proper to reverse the judgment, which had been so dispassionately and so justly passed upon her ; that it had cost trouble enough to get rid of her, and especial care would be taken in future effectually to prevent her ever again getting any footing in their precincts ; for that, when she was let into their sanctuary, she did nothing but mischief, by daubing and scrawling on the walls, and playing such antics as drew off the attention of the congregation from the teacher, and his pious office."

At hearing this she trembled exceedingly, and felt instantly convinced that the deadly blow to all her hopes of succour, respect, or even sufferance in this country, had been struck at

the time when she was first attacked by that horde of inveterate enemies, who with such accumulated and unnatural vengeance had driven her from the realm; and that, notwithstanding she might, at this more calm time, escape the rigour of the law's power against her, yet (she plainly perceived) she should still be looked upon as an alien, as one who had been publicly cursed, and neither countenanced by church nor state, denied all degrees in the universities, and considered only as a base trapping of detested popery, or at best but a gaudy decorator of rooms for banquet or for revel.

The curate, the clerk, the beadle, the tax-gatherer, and the sexton were all present at this interview, and much they enjoyed her state of mortification, each wishing to put in a word on the occasion; when the clerk, seeing her treated with so little ceremony, and perceiving she was about to withdraw, boldly ventured to give his opinion, and plainly told her, "That she had much better take herself off while she was well, and go practise her trickery in some other place, for it would not do *there*, and she might depend upon it, that every thing in his power would be done to prevent the evil effect of such *papish* fooleries."

Then the curate spoke, and gently addressing her, said he shrewdly suspected that she still held correspondence with her vile *father*, as she was pleased to call him, and was still ready and willing to assist his impostures.

In vain with plaintive accents she pleaded the innocence both of herself and her father, in respect to any evil intentions in what she had done, and asserted that she never had

conceived it possible that her work could be viewed in so base a light ! “ Surely,” said she, “ in its very worst aspect, it can only be considered as matter of ornament, and that of the most simple and innocent kind. But may it not,” she continued, “ be also a silent help to piety and reflection, a means of instruction to the unlearned part of the world ? for pictures, says Gregory the Great, are the books of the ignorant, where they may learn what they ought to practise.—Can it be wrong to produce, by objects of sight, those awful ideas, which are allowed to be so eminently useful to society, when produced by words ? can it be wrong to employ means, by which a more impressive image is given of what has been read or said, than vulgar minds are able to conceive from their own resources ?—will it not eventually tend to soften the hearts of the illiterate ?”

“ The instructions which are given to the young, should be pithy and short, as they will the sooner hear them, and the better keep them ; and the words of Seneca are, ‘ that men ought to teach their children the liberal sciences, if not because those sciences may give any virtue, yet because their minds by them are made apt to receive any virtue.’ Such is the nature of that instruction, which is derived from the works of my art, that the idle and unlettered, by the repeated view and contemplation of the characters and actions which I shew them, beaming with divinity and with morality, have their minds sown, even before they are aware, with the seeds of purity, compassion, and of general benevolence, and virtue made familiar to them ; for ‘ virtue is that alone which maketh men on earth truly famous, in their graves glorious, and in heaven immortal.’ ”

However, this fine speech not being very clearly comprehended by her auditors, the clerk smartly told her to hold her deluding tongue; that she was a very wicked creature, and that her tricks and wiles were of the most dangerous tendency.

The curate desired the clerk not to be so flippant of speech, for he would take upon himself to lecture her. He then calmly told her, that she was a wretched, beggarly, hanger on upon the public, a sort of excrescence, and considered as a burthen by all who knew her; a kind of tax on the rich, who had so many better ways of bestowing their money than to pamper her in pride; one whom they had not the art to starve, and yet begrudged the expense to maintain—and the most costly of all toad-eaters; an enthusiastic visionary, who imagined herself, from conceit and partiality, to be something more than mortal, and, like the tomb of Mahomet, to be suspended between heaven and earth, and would scarcely know to which she belonged, if hunger did not teach her; adding, that she must be possessed of a most astonishing share of arrogance, still to persist in her fulsome notions of fancied importance, when she must so clearly see her worthlessness demonstrated in this single fact, that neither church nor state gave her presumptuous claims the least countenance, but appeared to be clearly of opinion, that the whole which could be done, by the utmost exertions of her powers, was not, on their part, worth the smallest attention. They saw her in her true colours, as an useless intruder on society; even the very citizens beheld her with indifference, if not with scorn; and, as the proverb justly observes, “that which every body says must be true,”—that is past denying.

The clerk, interrupting the curate, observed with a significant smile on his countenance, that a good singer (the clerk was very fond of vocal music, and was blessed with a tolerable tenor pipe of his own), or even a dancer, was worth a million of such vermin as herself; which was evidently and repeatedly proved before her face, and truly by the most unquestionable and weightiest test, to wit, the vast difference in their rewards.

Then the beadle, winking one eye in drollery, archly said, that if there was no other way of silencing her perpetual whining and moaning, as if she was a person really injured, and had a cause of complaint, they would soon quiet her by setting the law at her heels, and shew her the way out of the kingdom again as an alien, without any demonstrable way of livelihood; or else set her in the stocks, where she might complain at her leisure with some cause; but here the curate told him he was quite vulgar, and also wrong,—that she had not broken the law, and therefore could not be so treated.

Then the tax-gatherer, who was the most intimate chum of the sexton, and had often helped him to a job, silyly whispered him that she was a vile hypocrite, and only pretended poverty to save herself from his clutches, and that he should soon attack her for his dues, besides letting the informer bring a handsome surcharge on her; as he was very well assured that she had a quantity of concealed jewels about her, which she had hidden, on purpose to elude their search.

Lastly, the sexton spoke, and finished the conversation, by shrewdly observing, (making his bow,) that he should be very

happy to dig her grave, and made no doubt but, when she had been starved to death, she would be finally dismissed by her few friends, with a most pompous and splendid funeral, and therefore desired that he might engage his friend the undertaker for her, as he was apt to believe she was a much more profitable article to deal with in any manner when dead than when alive.

To be again rejected, again despised, was too much even for philosophy to bear. Almost overwhelmed with grief, even to despair, she returned to her habitation, where, unpitied and alone, she vented her anguish in a flood of tears. This second banishment struck her with the greater mortification, because her last dependence had been on the church, which had always given her protection, and had been her greatest friend, except at that particular period when bigoted, hypocritical, puritanical, enthusiastical enemies of her, and of all true taste, had driven her from the land. She had reason to expect no other treatment from barbarians—they had their own schemes to promote ; but when it came upon her from the mild, the educated, and refined, it wounded her to the very soul. The insults of the vulgar we can with ease pass over, but contempt from the good, although from mistake, is truly terrible. “ Surely, said she, “ the soul payeth dear for hire in the body, considering what she there endureth !”



Painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds

Engraved by Will^m Birch, Enamell Painter.

M^{rs} Robinson!

CHAPTER IV.

An Account of the Beauty's two Sisters; how one of them was fortunate, courted, and indulged, till she grew so bulky, that some thought she took up too much Room when at Church; and how the other was half-starved, and as lean as a Gridiron: serving to prove that some Folks find it as much Trouble to digest Meat, as others to get it.

As in a former part of my history I gave some account of a cousin-german of our heroine, I shall in this take notice of certain others of her relatives, as not unimportant to my main purpose; for there was a circumstance rather curious, which helped not a little to aggravate the mortification attending our Beauty's deplorable state, and she could not but feel it with great pain, whenever she reflected upon it. This was the instance of a favoured sister, who was also resident in this country, and had met with unbounded success in all her undertakings. As their pretensions were not very dissimilar, she could not help wondering by what means her sister could have obtained so decided a preference. The girl was certainly a comely, personable wench, but she had a heart of marble, and a face of brass; indeed, she was apparently composed of very different materials from her sister. This young lady was just as remarkable for being the object of singular indulgence, as our Beauty was of persecution, scorn, and neglect, and most particularly with the very same hierarchy which had denounced

our heroine by a curse, and prohibited her entrance into its sanctuaries. This brazen-faced sister, on the contrary, was a prodigious favourite, and had an uncontrouled power, insomuch that, by her will and command, she would often stop up the finest window in the church from a mere whim. Sometimes she would only modestly seat herself directly in the window, so as to obscure the light something less than stopping it up entirely. Then she would make no scruple at any time to sap the principal pillars of support, root up the foundation, build up partition walls in the aisles from the floor to the roof, bore great holes in the walls, or open new windows in them to serve her purpose, cover the pavement, and by that means prohibit the sexton and clergy from their perquisites gained by burial ground. Still all those whims were suffered without a murmur, and so very far was this partiality extended to the pampered favourite, that her patrons, with the utmost readiness, always made a handsome recompence for all the damage she might at times occasion in any of her ingenious fantasies, in some of which she would stick herself up in the midst of a cathedral, with her elbows held out, so that you could scarcely pass by her, or, if you attempted it, she would break your shins with her great feet; for of late she was grown enormously bulky; and if you dared to complain, she would quickly clear the way before her with an iron bar. At other times, in order to shew her figure (which she thought was a good one) to advantage, she would throw herself into such attitudes as would shew her nakedness even to indecency, and all this with a face of bronze that nothing would dismay; foreshide or any side was the same to her.

In short, she had been so long in the habit of taking liberties, and her protectors so long in the habit of suffering them, that she seemed, both to them and to herself, to be infallible, and was accordingly so treated, just as if she had given them love-powder.

The surprizing difference in the treatment which these two sisters met with, I never was able to account for, nor am I at present able to solve the problem.

I have already said, that whatever she did, the church and the state were well pleased; she was also as great a favourite with the city, and, in short, fortune was ever in her favour. In the city, she would sometimes exhibit herself in the streets or public squares, and display her feats in horsemanship; but in this attempt she generally cut but an awkward figure, and rather failed in her cast of this character, as frequently, on those gay occasions, she seemed to have lost all sense of shame; for sometimes she would appear rigged out in the habit of a Roman Emperor of old, and sometimes she would exhibit herself pig-tailed, with a cocked hat and a pair of jack boots, at other times with a large old fashioned wig, which reached down to her middle; yet her patrons were still so delighted with all her pranks, that they not only indulged, but rewarded her vagaries with enormous grants of thirty thousand pounds at a time: for she was prodigiously expensive, as nothing would suit her purpose, unless it came from a foreign country; “far fetched and dear bought,” must serve her turn, so that no small allowance would suffice for her, although one quarter of the sum would have enabled her sister to shine with the

utmost splendor; for our Beauty was modest, unobtrusive, and, though pleasing in all her manners to every body, never ran into any expense, but, on the contrary, she could give a value to that which had none in itself before; and was so humble in her deportment, that, wherever she came, she made it a point to stick herself as close to the wall as a limpet to a rock, for fear of offending, but somehow she was always unfortunate, and all her care was but labour lost. Although she felt much pleasure in her fat sister's prosperity, and would have been glad of any opportunity to assist it, as she thought it a just encouragement, yet she could not survey this lavish, unbounded, and partial preference, but with desiring eyes, as some half-starved cur, at humble distance, glances a longing look at a well-fed spaniel, who is feasting on the rich repast of a fine marrow-bone. One thing, however, must be allowed in favour of this sister, which was, that she always spoke well of the dead, and it proved to be of infinite service to her. Thus, for instance, she would get up in the midst of the church, and, in her own way, make long harangues in various languages, filled with flattery and falsehood, praising the dead to gratify the living. It is true, it all went for nothing, as nobody attended to her, or believed one word of what she said, yet it got her many friends among those who were convinced of the necessity of such a helper.

There was also another sister, who was very ingenious, but, as she was not able to serve either city, church, or state, by any of her performances, she passed her time in a most ragged condition.—I apprehend she is now defunct, as I have heard nothing from her for some time past. In truth, any account

of her is unnecessary to our present purpose, therefore she is not worth our notice. However, as I have mentioned her, I will take the liberty just to give a few particular traits of this lady's character. In the first place, she was a great talker, and delighted in words, in so much, that one of her fancies was to set them down in curious shapes and rows, and she would then look at them with uncommon pleasure, always concluding, that every one who saw them would be as much delighted with them as herself. In this way she spent a great deal of her time, and was so diverted with this play, that she conceived, even when it produced ever so great nonsense, that, thus disguised, it would pass for sense; for like a good confectioner, she well knew that even weeds will be eaten as a delicacy, when embalmed in sugar. However I am to acknowledge, that when she was in her truly highest flights, she was really sublime. She most commonly assisted her fortunate sister in making her solemn church orations.

She was the eldest, the proudest, and the poorest of the three;—I say the poorest, because each of the others had known some intervals of prosperity, and even affluence; she never. Her whole life was spent as a pauper. Yet she carried herself with an air of the utmost dignity, even when she had neither stockings nor shoes to her poor feet. The only favour shewn to her in this country, that I ever heard of, was that she got a little matter by singing “God save the King” on festivals, now and then a cup of sack given to cherish her soul, and the promise of a handsome burial place at her demise.

CHAPTER V.

How the Beauty bemoaned herself, and how she set herself up in a Chandler's Shop to relieve her Wants, also of her new Schemes which ended in Smoke. How she was annoyed and harassed by a Phantom supposed to be her Grandmother's ; and had it to combat with as if she had been her Murderer.

ALL hopes had now left our fair forlorn, and she had reason most bitterly to lament her fallen state and misapplied industry. After having spent her life in the acquirement of the most accomplished education, assisted by natural endowments of the highest degree, the power and value of all which had been so often tried and proved in other countries, she at last perceived all were ineffectual to procure her a bit of bread. In this pitiable condition she remained, not knowing what course to pursue, till her pale and thin cheeks would have met, had not her unused jaws been placed between them : her now dim eyes, that once so sparkled with vivid expression, were sunk in their sockets almost to the back part of her head, and her emaciated, though once graceful, arms, hung at her sides like two walking sticks ; in short, she seemed hastening apace to her final dissolution. She had been so stunned by disappointments which she little expected, that the sudden shock had deprived her of all power or strength to support herself, and she would sit for hours like a statue of despair. Sometimes in soft accents, scarcely audible, she would say, " Poor mistaken mortal

that I am, why did I haste to rise up early, and so late take rest, and eat the bread of carefulness? Why with unceasing industry mis-spend my young unprofitable days? Why did the rising sun so oft bear witness to my labours, or the midnight lamp so oft protract their length? And why, deluding, visionary, Fame, did I become thy votary? Was it to live in poverty and die in want? Had those untired exertions of my youth and strength been well directed to profit and to wholesome trade, I had not now been left forlorn, I might have seen thy poor inveigled worshippers (thou syren Fame) bring offerings and lay them at my feet."

In this state of dejection and melancholy she could not have held out long; but suddenly recollecting herself, she perceived that something must be done to save herself from perishing, and that quickly too.

This thought awakened her from her dreadful dream, she clearly felt that she was philosopher enough to wish still to live, and therefore, set about the means of life with much alacrity. But poor as she was, the only thing she could resolve upon was to set herself up in a little chandler's shop, and, as the goods which she intended to deal in were not of a very expensive kind, she was soon able to furnish out her little warehouse. For the chief articles on which her trade depended were chalk, charcoal, stained paper, Indian ink, brick-dust, matches, farthing rush-lights, sand, small beer, and gingerbread. She also dealt in *gilded* gingerbread: indeed she used no gold on the occasion, her price would not afford any thing more costly than Dutch metal, which, although it

pleased children and ignorant customers, had a copperish taste with it ; but she always declared that it would have been much more gratifying to her to have put real gold, if she could but have had a price accordingly. In this small way, she made shift, by great economy, to pick up a livelihood, for as she dwelt in the neighbourhood of Paternoster Row, all those that lived in the Row became her principal customers, they made a point of dealing with her, and she sold them neat articles.

Possessed of that native humility which is the characteristic mark of innate greatness of mind, she submitted to her lot, making only this reflection : “ Useless toil ! I strove, to elevate and dignify my mind by frequent contemplation of those awful antique remains, those illustrious proofs and records of my high descent, only to qualify me to keep a chandler’s shop, to be the retailer of gingerbread ! ”

At leisure times, when not better employed, she would put her hand to miniature painting, and place some specimens in her shop window, propping them up by cheese or candles, and writing under them in very legible characters, “ Likenesses taken equal to this at seven and sixpence each, frame included.” Indeed various were the ways, which necessity, the mother of invention, forced her to try, to pick up a precarious maintenance. “ Surely,” said she, “ if the mind is truly noble, it shuns neither toil nor danger when it finds itself assaulted by poverty, and true virtue will labour like the sun to enlighten the world,”

To further her laudable purposes, she now resolved to give public lectures on morality, character, and manners, which she was well qualified to do ; and those moral effusions were interspersed with the finest wit imaginable, which she concluded would render them more palatable to the public vulgar. In these, the rake, the harlot, the miser, and the spendthrift, were pourtrayed in the most animated colours. But she found to her sorrow, that all her eloquence was addressed to deaf ears, nor did this scheme succeed while it continued in her hands, for her rooms were very thinly attended, and, fearing she might get into debt by it, she desisted. She had also been much annoyed in the course of her scheme by a large butcher's mastiff, named Carlo,* which was continually barking and snarling at her, and sometimes even bit her, and tore her cloaths in a sad manner.

These lectures were afterwards published, and sold well, and were most deservedly admired,—but that unfortunately happened, when the property, or other benefit, was no longer hers.

Another circumstance I shall relate, which not only much mortified her, but likewise did her considerable injury. There were certain deep connoisseurs in Beauty and Taste, who had seen and admired her excellent works, while she was in her first state at the court of her father, but who never personally knew her. All those, on her appearance in this country,

* Churchill's Epistle to Hogarth.

protested against her as being an impostor. They came and looked most sharply at her with spectacles and glasses to help their sight, and then pronounced her not the same person that she pretended, or if *any* relation, she must be the daughter or rather grand-daughter of their former acquaintance, for they affected to have had an intimate knowledge of the old lady, as they called her, and were very indignant, whenever our Beauty dared to mention herself as bearing the smallest comparison with *their favourite*, who was “a fine stately figure, elegantly formed, of a most beautiful complexion, graceful in all her actions, full of interest in her countenance, with a pair of eyes that were killing. But as for herself,” they said, “merely to conceive that there was any resemblance between two such opposite figures, appeared like absolute insanity. She, who was a long shanked, raw boned, ill proportioned, awkward, dirty coloured, squinting creature!”—In answer to which, she would readily acknowledge that there was, in truth, a vast difference in her present appearance, from that which she made when in the court of her father, and under his protection; that she was then easy in her mind, and a blessing seemed to attend on all her ways, but that now she was half starved, which was not her fault, and that she should be much better looking, if she was in better plight; but this answer served only to aggravate their rage, and make them hate her the more for her abominable and disgusting self-conceit, as they termed it.

And so far did these enthusiastic devotees carry their admiration of the supposed old gentlewoman, her grandmother, as to think (and they would maintain it too) that

there was more of the true line of beauty, and more shapeliness, to be seen in the old woman's mere stockings than in our heroine's real legs ; and nothing is more common, even now, than to meet with fortunate persons who possess some trumpery relic, such as an old cast off pair of shoes, which have been since worn by others, and perhaps have been more than once heel-tapped and new soaled ; yet this morsel they will shew with all the happy effrontery of ignorance, as the most accomplished model possible of a perfect female foot, and keep it with the greatest veneration in a magnificent cabinet, as a most precious curiosity. It is enough for them that it once was fine. I have known a thousand pounds in pure sterling gold given for one of her old night-caps, in which a thousand holes had been darned up ; and five hundred pounds for an old wig, on the mere assurance that it had been the very wig of their old woman ; nay, many of these virtuosi have been seized with such a mania, that very large fortunes have been made by dealers in those ragged remains, by mere impositions on the wealthy ignorant, selling them the old cloaths of others, while boldly asserting that they had been hers ; and to such a length has the practice been carried, that it has occasioned frequent law-suits, whenever by some chance the cheat has been discovered ; for as no palpable evidence of its value could be found in the article itself, the proof of its authenticity has wholly rested on the word and honour of the seller, which commonly served as a sufficient testimony with the small degree of knowledge in the buyer.

Certain of those virtuosi, who had a more favourable

opinion of her, would at times trust in her hands some of those inestimable rags for her to repair and put in order, as not unfrequently it was far from very clear what had been their original form or use, and she, from the lack of better employ, would patiently apply her time to furbish up the tattered rubbish, and would most meekly turn, scour, and dye (to please them) her own former cast-off cloaths, and by this means make them look worth something; and she has afterwards seen them sold for fifty times their original cost.

All this did most certainly much irritate the spirit of our Beauty, and she cast about for the means of doing herself some justice, yet knew not how: at last she devised a mode, as I shall shew in the next Book.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

The great Advantages of Learning.

WE now draw near the end of our Beauty's piteous tale, as at this place we enter on its finishing book ; therefore the most fastidious reader need not be impatient.

That I have not rendered this narrative a source of amusement to those who have condescended to notice it, I sincerely regret ; first on my own account, secondly on my reader's, and lastly on the Beauty's : but I am unlearned, and therefore circumscribed in power ; I am ignorant of all those means of insinuation by which truth becomes irresistible, and even falsehood may be adorned so as to have the semblance of truth. Learning and I are strangers to each other : I have not to complain that its painful, though useful, tasks were ever ungraciously forced upon me on any side. From this fatality of my youth, my riper age must suffer, and the early opportunities I have lost I may regret, but am now unable to repair. In vain I call to my remembrance the bright example which was once before my eyes, when I did not avail myself of the proffered blessing ; but youth and ignorance at the time rendered me insensible of

the singular advantage in respect to learning then within my reach : for I had a little crooked uncle, who was a very great scholar ; and the article on which he piqued himself most was, his profound knowledge of the Greek. It is a real fact, that the comfort which he derived from it tended much to lengthen his life. He would strut about the room on his two little legs, that looked like drum-sticks with stockings on them, and, with an Aristophanes in his hands, read aloud, so that you might hear him all the house over.

He always signed his name in Greek ; he had the motto to his coat of arms in Greek ; whatever subject you started to talk upon, he would quote some old Grecian, and give the very text with all the importance of an oracle ; then, in humble compassion to his auditors, would turn it into vulgar English for them, though very often at the time, (from my ignorance of its supreme excellence,) I have foolishly thought, that had the same sentence been found first in plain English, nobody would have supposed it worth their while to have remembered it : such as “ that one half was more than the whole,” and that “ when the Gods wanted to destroy a man, they first caused him to run mad.” I have often wished to ask him what the Gods would do as the second operation on the ill-fated object of their wrath ? but I had so much respect for him, that I feared to offend him.

It has been frequent matter of wonder to me, what should have made him so very partial to those Greeks, for he was very unlike any of their statues that I had ever seen. What he most resembled of any of the Grecian figures, that I can

recollect, was one of those in their alphabet. However, I was at last fully convinced by him, that, of all human blessings or acquirements, it must be acknowledged the first is undoubtedly that of understanding Greek : for as the poet says of madness, so it may be said of Greek, “ that there is a pleasure in knowing Greek, which none but Grecians know.” Advantages from all sides attend it : it acts like an universal armour, and protects its possessor from the crush of every assailant. A man may be whoremonger, a drunkard, a liar, and a thief—he quickly obliterates all disgrace, by proving that he understands Greek.

The deep read scholar, who can converse with Homer and Euripides in the originals, becomes well entitled to look down with contempt on those latter efforts of ingenuity, which fill the unlearned with wonder and delight. He who has read the mighty works of the ancients in their purity, must behold, with pity, the comparative puny attempts of Shakspeare or of Milton, as, in competition with the Belvidere Apollo or Farnesian Hercules, will appear the ill-formed figure of mortal man.

The first knowledge, therefore, I would give a child, is that of Greek, an everlasting source of pleasure, and a power which enables him to stem all storms.

The man proud of high birth, or conscious of superior genius, exulting in his riches, or vain of his beauty, even the tyrant in the plenitude of his power, has moments when those advantages cease to give him pleasure, and are not even in his thoughts : but the Grecian’s enjoyment is perpetual ; there is no instant of his life in which it is forgot ; sleeping or waking,

in sickness and in health, in riches or poverty, drunk or sober, it is still his comfort, and is ever in his mind : and certain it is, that real happiness is not to be found under the sun but by those who understand Greek.

Surely this is the great arcanum, without which true felicity is not to be possessed ; and he who finds it, pants with uncontrollable impatience till he lets you know the vastness of his possession.

CHAPTER II.

The Beauty's Brother introduced to the Reader ; also her new Projects, such as the World could not comprehend ; which made some Folks take her to be mad, others, only to be a Fool.

IN this narrative I have confined myself, for the sake of brevity, as much as it was in my power, to the matters which immediately concerned our heroine only, and have encumbered it as little as possible with her relations ; but I now find the necessity of mentioning one very near of kin, who was bred up with her, and had been a partaker of all the advantages she had enjoyed in her own country. They loved each other from infancy, and were examples of benevolence and cordial affection, till of late years indeed they had been separated ; she had sunk in her circumstances, and her brother, for such he was, had been busy and forgot her. He was a handsome, active, well built fellow, had an excellent front and a good foundation, besides innumerable firm pillars of support. From



By J. Kneller pinxt.

Jemima, Countess Cornwallis.

R. Laurie fecit.

London, Printed for Robt. Sayer N^o 53 Fleet Street, as the Act directs 20 Oct. 1771.



his early youth he had given his mind to the study of the mathematics and geometry, and stood well in the world by his ingenuity, being every where wanted ; and as his poor sister was now become low and obscure, she never once came into his mind. It was curious to observe, that, although he had the command of a great many superb mansions, yet he never had thought of offering to let his sister into any one of them, even at the time she was without house or home. He, most assuredly, had it often in his power to have been of essential service to her, but he left his fabrics generally in such a state, as to make it impossible for her to get a comfortable footing in them ; for truly he had more pleasure in seeing the walls decorated by trumpery and trifles, just like a christmas pie, than by any of her tasty performances. He, likewise, too much adopted the vulgar opinion, that she was a dirty slut, and that she daubed the walls and played the deuce in house or church, if she once got possession of it.

To this brother, however, she had now recourse, and he graciously deigned to recognize her, and promised to assist her ; a magnificent idea had struck her mind, as a means to propagate her art, and, by making it familiar to the multitude, increase its influence to the good of society. Accordingly she formed a resolution to put her project in practice, whenever she should be so lucky as to procure some small aid to forward her scheme. This, fortunately for her, her brother was able and willing to lend her, and she immediately set about it. With some trouble she collected together as many of her works as she was able, and by this means produced a very splendid assemblage.

Here it was that her brother lent his assistance, providing her with rooms for her purpose, gratis—to be sure the apartments were not very commodious, for the best of them was at the summit of eighty stairs, all which you were obliged to clamber up, in order to see this display which she publicly exhibited; and as the price of admittance was but small, and the amusement to the eye was great, it was soon visited by every rank of society, where curiosity and idleness had influence, and the profits were more considerable than she had expected. Also to give an air of importance to her show, and render it in some degree unlike a low or vulgar thing, she had so contrived it, poor soul! as to get a couple of real centinels to be at the entrance, with muskets on their shoulders, who marched to and fro before the door-way, and I confess it had a very grand effect.

But now comes the wonder of virtue, as seen in her conduct, in which instance the truly noble and elevated turn of her character is displayed most clearly, and with a degree of patriotic benevolence, that has no parallel, perhaps, in the world.

For she had resolved from the beginning of this project, not to apply one farthing of what was to be gained by it to her own private use, but, with the larger portion of the accumulated profits, to found and maintain a public free-school, for the education of youth in the knowledge of all matters of taste, with the hope thereby to inspire a love of intellectual refinement in the nation, and also to give a splendour to it in the eyes of other countries; with the remaining portion of profit

to form a fund of charity, by which she might afford relief and comfort to certain poor wretches, who had depended on her, but who, from various misfortunes, were in a worse plight than herself. But her weakness did not stop here; for, like a fabled heroine in romance, she panted for glory, and has frequently been known to have actually given medals of gold and silver, as a reward and encouragement to youths of distinguished merit, and also sums of money out of her fund of shillings, to send them for improvement to her native country; when at the very time she has wanted bread herself. For so inviolable were her notions of honour, that nothing would tempt her, in her greatest wants, to touch a farthing of this fund, which to her mind was become a sacred matter, consecrated to the most benevolent purposes.

But this her munificence appeared so very romantic in the world's eyes, that very few could comprehend it; therefore, very naturally they accounted for her seeming strange conduct, every one according to his own notions: some did not believe it to be at her own cost, but thought she was assisted by a higher power; others concluded that her intellects were a little in disorder; while many contented themselves by more mildly considering her only as a fool; but not one attributed to her any virtue in her motives.

Surely it must be confessed, that if she was mad, she shewed method in her madness, and appeared to act even with some policy. Thus she contrived to give annually out of her gains a public festival, to which she took care to invite all those persons who, from their rank in life, bore the highest sway,

and all those of intellect, who had the highest fame in the kingdom ; trusting to have kindled a flame in them, and to have gained their interest. They all came, they all saw—were amused—some even admired—but all were silent ; not one shewed any inclination towards being on terms of closer friendship with her, or dared to touch her without having gloves on, for fear of shaking hands with a lunatic.

I must here also observe that, in aid of her school, it was her earnest desire to annex a little library to it, to be composed of such books, &c., as should be most useful and necessary to advance the knowledge and studies of her scholars ; and therefore from time to time, as her little income would allow, she would purchase some trifles, which, together with now and then a donation of gratitude from her pupils, was all she could procure, and a most scanty affair it was, for no hand of power or of plenty would ever deign to help her, or offer to furnish her empty shelves ; and she had no other consolation, than that which is always the reward of the virtuous and independent—the reflection that, if it was poor and scanty, it was free from obligation, for it was all her own. However, her shillings came in to help her out in her splendid scheme, and the youths of her school increased in their acquirements ; and, although her own interests made no progress, yet her vanity was plumed in contemplating the supposed effects of the knowledge she had diffused, and the benefits to society derived from that school, of which she was the sole support ; congratulating herself on having done that, unassisted and alone, which in all other polished countries might have called forth the fostering hand of governments.

One privilege also the world allowed to her without a question, to wit ; none could dare presume to be considered or received as persons of taste and critics, if she had not first invited them to her festival ; and it was therefore solely on that account as much sought after, as if it had been a court honour, or, as if by it such persons had been dubbed connoisseurs, and acquired a title, which it lay exclusively in her power to confer.

A mischievous intimate of hers, who envied the great pleasure, which she seemed to enjoy from this new scheme, and desirous to mortify her pride and vanity, thus addressed her ; “ My dear inconsiderate friend, what has been your chief motive to found this school, of which you are so fond ? Is it that you are not content to starve alone, but wish to become a stalking-horse, a decoy-duck to entrap others in the snare ? like malignant nuns, who were ever striving to get companions in their misery. You but too well know that the fate of your scholars is similar to the state of those poor mortals who go to law ; where the happy favourite of fortune, when he wins his cause, is left in rags, and where he that fails is naked. You are like the Cuckoo, who produces her brood, and then can neither feed them, protect them, nor force any one to admire their song.—Excuse me, but such I think to be precisely your case.

“ It cannot fail to move a feeling heart with pity, to contemplate the probable fate of those numerous candidates for fame whom you create, for you prove in your own sad example, that great acquirement does not create or insure great

employment. After your scholars have, by indefatigable industry, gained every possible improvement which education can bestow, and amply qualified themselves for the execution of works of the highest order, pray inform me, if you can, who is it that will call at their warehouse to purchase their sublimity, or where, in the name of wonder, can it be placed, when it is accomplished ?

“ It brings to my recollection an anecdote told of a poet, who, being advised by a minister of state to learn the Spanish language, had raised his expectations with golden dreams, (as many of your scholars may no doubt,) to the highest pitch which fancy could create, of what might be the happy result of this acquisition ; and he therefore immediately set about the task with a tumult of delight, and accordingly by time and attention made himself master of the laborious undertaking ; when, going again to his seeming patron, filled with joy at the hope of reward, he informed the minister, that he was now become a master of the Spanish tongue—‘ Well done !’ said the great man “ then you have now the felicity of being enabled to read Don Quixotte in the original.’

“ In short, it seems to me that you are beginning at the wrong end ; all your schemes might do very well in kingdoms, where the high art is known and cherished ; but situated as you now are, your conduct is as absurd, as if a merchant, on a speculation of gain, was to attempt to introduce a manufactory for parasols in Lapland or in Nova Zembla.”

CHAPTER III.

How the Beauty became known to a good Man, and how much Good he did for her. How she lost him, and had a Patron in his stead.

ABOUT this time a moment of good fortune attended our heroine, by what means I know not, or by what lucky chance a thing so strange to her could happen, but she was introduced to a man eminent for his well known benevolence of character ; one of the elders of the city. He was a man of great discernment, liberality of mind, and fine taste, and who, from the first hour he saw her, admired the many excellencies which she possessed. Although so much obscured by her poverty, depression, and ill health, yet he was soon able to estimate the value of all those perfections, for which she had been so much distinguished, when in her native country. He never failed to pay her unceasing attention, and she, in return, had a greater veneration, esteem, and true love for him, than for any one person she had ever met with, from the time she first quitted her father's dominions. It was his chance to become a chief magistrate, when he endeavoured, by every effort in his power, to introduce her to the highest personages in his district. But in this attempt he failed. Those good people, whose minds and habits were formed by traffic and industry, were not prepared to relish the refinements which are the produce of genius and of taste ; and she was not

cordially received in that quarter, nor ever able to inspire the inhabitants with the least perception of her eminent perfections of grace, beauty, or virtue, although at the same time they paid great attention to her fat sister. However, her friend still persisted in his attachment, and often invited her to his dinners and his balls, and paid her such court, that it quite revived her almost broken spirits. She now began to look chearful, and really was inclined to think, that her former days of happiness were returning, and she daily blessed his name. He, on his part, erected a magnificent temple, which he dedicated to her, and to the most illustrious poet of this country, and thus united their names together with his own.

For a short period during the life of this good man, she became an object of attention and of some degree of consideration, for at last he prevailed on others to admire her nearly as much as he did himself.

But alas ! as all things under the sun must have an end, so likewise ceased this transitory ray of light. He died—the temple raised to her and the greatest poet, became a ruin ! Its relics were scattered, and she was again forgot. Even the very place, where once this temple stood, could scarcely be known. But still, as if unable to quit the revered spot, once so precious to her, our heroine would sit a mournful spectacle amidst the desolation, like fallen Marius on the ruins of Carthage. Her good genius seemed yet to hover over the place, and animate its very dust ; for it appeared to make a dying effort to revive, as if loth to lose its former elevated office, and at last she had the heart-felt joy to see a little kind

of vapour arise and fix itself upon the very spot ; for not long after the death of her patron, the fabric was by some benevolent persons appropriated to a kind of free-school and sale-room for the use and encouragement of juvenile attempts, which both gratified and flattered her, the more as it was a kind of appendage to the school of her own foundation.

She flattered herself that she saw a gleam of good in the project, and this thought she fondly encouraged, as some forlorn maiden, whose lover has forsaken her, muses over her empty tea cup, and shakes the grounds remaining at the bottom ; and fain would, if possible, discover some good, some blessed chance in the stores of fortune yet to come for her.

I have often heard her express her candid opinion upon the subject, as I knew it was her desire ever to assist even the weakest efforts. “ This laudable little scheme,” she would say, “ although as yet but in a small way, may be productive of something better ; that which begins in being addressed to children, may end in becoming an object to men : the end desired by it is truly praiseworthy, although the means be feeble. There is, however, *one* part which, I must confess, gives me some pain—I am sorry that we cannot conceal this project from the scornful eyes of supercilious nations, who affect, with haughty arrogance, to despise the country of *Boutiquiers*.

“ All those, instead of casting a look of kindness towards our virtuous struggles to raise the art, instead of viewing our innocent modes and contrivances to produce a traffic in it, with that feeling of compassion which would be the greatest

ornament of their hearts, will only triumph over the puny attempts ; and will be too apt to disregard the native beauty of the helpless infant, while they are absorbed in contemplating the poverty of its nurse. But let us take courage and rely on hope : although it may excite the insipid jests of foreigners, when they behold our little shop of cheap articles in national art, still let no one be dismayed ; for it is ever to be remembered, that the first great maxim of virtue is to bid defiance to the laugh of fools, and it has been proved by experience that the most consequential establishments have gradually risen from the humblest, and lowest origin. We should consider also, that we are in a trading country, and therefore it is impossible to devise a better mode to suit the habits of the natives, in order to answer the end proposed. We must be content ‘ to creep before we can go : ’ it is the lot of human nature ; and as it has been to trade alone that I am indebted for my existence in this land, therefore to trade alone I now pay my homage.

“ The project,” she continued, “ is excellent : it increases the means of discovering all those children who have a genius for the art ; by alluring youths into the practice of it, you gain a fair opportunity of discerning their different degrees of talent ; as numbers will rush to enter under the standard of fame, some from ambition, and many more from idleness ; thus you will be enabled to separate and select the best from among the multitude, and the rest may serve to recruit the army, become soldiers, and seek glory under another banner.” Then with a modest smile by way of an apology for what she was about to add, “ To illustrate,” said she, “ my apprehension of this subject, I shall take the liberty to make a vulgar

simile, being the first that offers. It is like the conduct of a good cook, or caterer in another department of taste, who, when she wants to furnish a dish of delicious green peas, first procures a great quantity of pods, out of which she culls those only which are most delicate and fit for her purpose, and the large remainder may be disposed of, no matter how :”—“ given,” I added, “ as food for hogs, made into soup-meagre, or left to be carried off in a beggar’s wallet.”

Our Beauty, as I before observed, having now lost her late great friend and benefactor, and seeing no help within her reach, sunk again into despondency, reflecting with sorrow, that all her days of joy were buried in his grave, and gone for ever. In melancholy musing she cherished his memory, and kept alive the grateful sense of his friendship, never mentioning his name without tears ; often saying, that he had done her more real service than the whole kingdom besides put together ; that he was the just medium of prudence united with benevolence ; that he only seemed to preserve himself in order to prolong a general blessing to society ; that he had assisted her even to his own hurt ; and always calling him her true and her only Mæcenas. Here, even Hope, the God of the wretched, forsook her : in her retired garret, (which, though she at all times preferred a sky-light, was now but a wretched habitation,) she moaned away her fading beauties.

As she was one morning ruminating on her deserted state, she heard a tapping at her chamber door, and, on opening it, there came in a polite and travelled gentleman, who, after paying his compliments to her, told her that he had

heard of her fame and of her wants.—That it had ever been his wish to be the patron of elegant studies and neglected merit.—That he had been informed of the depressed state in which she had been left to pine in secret, but that she should have no cause again to complain, for he was determined to give her an opportunity of exertion, by which the world should be convinced of her worth, and acknowledge her rights; “and I,” said he, “shall have the credit, as my reward, of having been your first patròn in this region, and the first means of giving you to the country. Another great advantage you will have; I shall also help you much in the course of the work by my advice occasionally, in matters in which you may be incompetent; as I conclude you must allow that an amateur is more capable to give directions, from his liberal education, general knowledge, and freedom from those particular prejudices, which are so apt to govern the fettered mind of the mere professor, who chiefly attends to the execution of the hand alone.—For I must inform you, that I have made the complete tour of the continent, have crossed the Alps of Italy and Switzerland, seen all the varieties of landscape scenery, and most accurately ascertained by measurement the just proportions of all the famous antique statues. I have viewed with optic glasses the minutest touch of every celebrated picture, and have acquainted myself with all the preparations on which they were worked, and the process in working. I have investigated the various merits of the different schools, have been absorbed in the sublimity of Michael Angelo, have admired the grace of Correggio, been captivated with the sweetness and air of Guido, the firm line of Caracci, the force of character and expression in Raffaello,—and have analysed the colouring of Titian and the Venetian school: so that you

see I am not a bad helper for you. You must do a great work for me ; I am impatient till we begin, that I may quickly shew the world a production that shall astonish ; for by our combined force, we shall, no doubt, produce a perfect work.—The subject which I have selected, is from those fine lines of our poet Milton—

—“ Riding on the air she comes,
Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance
With Lapland witches, while the lab'ring moon
Eclipses at their charms.”

This harangue of connoisseurship being ended, our Beauty soon set to work, and her kind patron was ever at her elbow—indeed whatever she did on it when he was not present, was but lost labour, and she was obliged to put it out again when he came, as it was all wrong.

In the commencement of the business, she had taken the liberty to object to certain parts of the subject given, as not adapted to her powers of representation, and therefore in these points unfit for *her* purpose, although infinitely to be admired in the poet ; such, for instance, as its being impossible by any means in her power to specify that this demon smelt infant blood, or that the moon laboured while the witches danced, (both of which were exquisite thoughts in the poet ;) but to those objections he would not listen, but told her, “ that, by following his directions, she would give such an expression to the figure, that all should soon perceive it was infant blood which was smelt ; and as to the moon, I shall shew you,” said he, “ how to make her labour, I warrant you.”

Thus then to work they went; *he* delighted to have the effusions of his own mind displayed, and she, from necessity, humbly submitting to every direction, till at last the work was completed, and they both sat down before it, and surveyed it with very different sensations. He saw with rapture a thing so consistent with his ideas; she saw it with disgust and dismay, as being so unlike to her own.

“ Now,” said he, “ we shall astound the world, and I shall have the happiness and the glory of making your fortune at once:” she forced a smile from civility, but thought herself too deeply concerned in the event to smile from pleasure, for the thing looked to her like the jacket of harlequin.—As this erudite article was to produce a great effect at once on the public, it had been carefully concealed in its progress from all but themselves, when at last, after the patron had sufficiently glutted himself on the curious production, it was put forth for all beholders.

First came the patron and all his dependants; those all agreed in admiring it. Then the circle was increased, and those who were indifferent to both patron and performer, came and found fault: then came judges, some of whom despised it, and others laughed; when presently the matter was treated with scorn and contempt, universally condemned as not worth one farthing, or fit to be seen in any place.—The patron now took the alarm; he declared that he only employed our unfortunate as an act of charity; that he always thought her a very dull creature, without the least genius, and soon afterwards denied that he had ever beheld her, nor would he ever

speak to her when by accident he saw her in public, and from that time paid all his attention to those works which he believed had been the labours of her grandmother.—Thus she unfortunately lost at once both patron and credit.—We see proved in this experiment that the highest powers when under the guidance of ignorance, become ridiculous, as under that of vice they would become detestable.

CHAPTER IV.

How the Beauty goes in search of fresh Patronage and gains only fresh Mortification.

There still remained a source of most eminent protection, yet unsolicited, for our unfortunate Beauty, the which, if once gained, would be as perpetual as it was powerful: but this sun of patronage she knew not how to invoke nor even to approach, as the difficulties of access to it were innumerable: her jolly sister indeed (as I have shown) had been introduced, and had felt the benefit of its influence; but our Beauty's calamities had rendered her timorous, and she scarcely dared to hope that she should ever be favoured with its vivifying warmth; though, could she luckily have so placed herself as to have once caught even the smallest beam of its radiance, it would fully have satisfied the utmost wishes of her heart.

This vast and dignified source of earthly good, which she had in mind, was no less than the supreme power of the state,

and she had thought of an application to the prime organ of its administration, as the means most proper to effect her purpose: yet, when she reflected on the high authority which she was about to address, she trembled at her own presumption, and her heart failed her, as well it might, considering the insignificant figure she must make in the presence of the great, thus unconnected and unsupported. Sometime she parleyed with herself of what was best to be done: when, recollecting (and without much knowledge of the world either) that if she did not endeavour to help herself, nobody was very likely to offer their services to help her, and that it was a duty incumbent upon her, to leave no proper attempt unassayed, however improbable the chance of success, she therefore determined to make this last trial towards an establishment for herself in this country.

The way had been made a little more easy to her by a friend, who had intimated to the Premier, that a person would request the favour of an audience of him, who had some pretensions to be heard.

With throbbing heart, she ventured forth on this forlorn hope, and soon arrived at the palace of the prime dispenser of favours, where, after remaining in an antichamber a time fully sufficient to recollect herself of all her claims to the attention of a State, she was at last admitted to the presence of the prime minister of its good, and was received with all that courtly affability which marks the manners of the great: after which, little time was spent before the conversation turned on business.

“ Pray, Madam, to what lucky circumstance is it owing,



Mordant pinxit. J. Watfon fecit.
His Royal Highness
Edward Duke of York.
Printed for Henry Parker opposite Birchin Lane in Cornhill.

that I have the pleasure of this visit from you, a perfect stranger to me?"

"I came, Sir, to implore the assistance of the State in my behalf."

"A bad beginning, Madam; assistance is just what we want ourselves, not to bestow it on others. But on what grounds do you found your claims to our attention? have you any important disclosures to make, from which the State may reap advantage?"

"My own opinion is, that society would reap much advantage from my services."

"By whom are you recommended? are you powerfully supported?"

"I have no supporters, Sir."

"What does nobody espouse your cause, or enforce your demands?"

"No mortal!"

"Are you an orator then? have you the powers of eloquence and persuasion?"

"In my own way, I think I have, and that in glowing colours."

“ In glowing colours, did you say ? can you make black appear white ? ”

“ No ! that is beyond my powers.”

“ What are your powers ? have you acquired learning, or have you the art of a logician ? can you, with ingenious arguments, vindicate those disastrous accidents, which, but too often, intercept the course of the wisest conduct ; or can you stop the watchful enemies of our proceedings, by your sophistry ? If so, I can listen to your suit. Even without those high claims to attention, if you had been favoured by the protection of some powerful individual, had your cause been backed by a party, or came you recommended to our notice by a county, or had gained the patronage of a borough, even the most pitiful one in the kingdom, it would have given both force and dignity to your petition ; but as it stands at present, I know neither you, nor from whence you came, and your application for favour appears absurd, if you cannot do us some service. What do you profess ? ”

“ To study nature, cultivate taste : to investigate and represent to others the graces of the mind as well as those of the body, and to teach, or rather inculcate, morality.”

“ Alas ! I admire your simplicity ; but must observe to you, that whatever other endowments you may possess, you seem not to be much the politician. Pray, I ask you, what are those magic charms of the taste and graces ? What have taste and the graces done for government, or for its ministers,

to cause me to become their advocate? can taste and the graces make soldiers, and recruit the army for foreign service? can they procure a majority for me in the House? can they enable me to reward, with bounteous gratitude, my host of faithful friends; or guard me safely in the hour of danger, from the assaults of my enemies?"

"It appears singular that you should apply here for aid. The chief objects of your study we have nothing to do with, neither is there any office under the state to recognize them; if any where, they seem to belong to the church—you should make your application there."

"That, Sir, I have done, and was repulsed with scorn, as an idler, if not considered as mischievous."

"I must conclude you received a proper answer: apply, then, to the monied interest; there you cannot fail of being supported, if your projects are profitable."

"This I have done also, with as little success; perhaps because I could not explain myself so as to be understood: I was to them an unheard-of and incomprehensible stranger."

"If, then, you have been scorned and rejected by those to whose power and importance we are so largely indebted for our own, it is mere folly to come to me with your complaint, and I confess you disappoint me. I had been informed that you had resided in other kingdoms, and therefore conceived some opinion of your abilities. I expected you could have given

information concerning those countries you had visited ; of their general condition ; also as to the force or weakness of our enemies ; or otherwise, that your genius had directed your studies towards those things which might have rendered you useful to the ordnance department ; or that you possessed that kind of knowledge which would have helped the financier : but it seems, all that you can teach belongs to the schools only : men of the world have other knowledge to employ their thoughts. Is it possible you can be in that state of ignorance, to imagine that, at the time our attention is so awfully employed in procuring, with difficulty, the various means to defend ourselves and the nation from foreign and domestic foes, and contriving to raise revenues that must be grasped, and friends that must be bought, to support our power, can you, I say, suppose, that we are in a state of that calm leisure to survey, from an easy chair, the gentle progress of Taste and the Graces ? Such governors would be fit companions for the man who could sit playing soft music on a fiddle when his house was on fire. I do not conceive how any of your acquirements can be turned, so as to serve our purpose. You seem to possess no talents that we can make use of, and no intentions which we can notice : I know of no means of employing you, unless it be as a spy, which office your capacity would enable you to execute with advantage ; but of such we are surrounded by crowds. My good lady, you see I cannot help you ; I am sorry for your situation, but my scrupulous conscience will not permit my wasting any of the public's money on you, as it appears you can be of no service to the state ; besides, the populace would reflect upon me as a bad economist of the nation's sacred treasures. You will excuse

me, as my time and attention are wholly occupied on matters which I perceive to be far above your comprehension, and totally foreign to your aims, therefore any longer conference is only to waste your time as well as my own."

Just at this instant the minister was informed that certain important persons from the city desired to have a few minutes communication with him, when instantly he ran out of the room, and left our Beauty to the contemplation of her own thoughts. Thus she remained a considerable time with more patience than hope, unwilling to quit the place in despair, whilst possibly the great man might return, and lend a more favourable ear to her petition. "I wish to cherish expectations of good," said she, "and will wait the awful event of my fate." She sunk down in a chair, and her spirits failed her, when she muttered to herself the following soliloquy.

"I cannot flatter myself with hope," said she; "I have no attractions to gain a credit here; for we are to recollect, that the chief and proper end of government is not to reward or even notice ingenuity or industry, but to repress vice, therefore the whole business of ministers is to have their eyes fixed on the vicious alone, to keep strict watch on the turbulent, the discontented, and the lawless, as objects of their severity, or else so to manage them, that they may become assistants to their power; also carefully to maintain the authority whereby to keep good order and subjection, and to bestow rewards with a liberal hand on those only who are ready and willing to assist or increase that authority to any possible extent. To such, alone, governments are to be indulgent. We daily see the

effects of this grateful disposition of the state by the vast fortunes made, or splendid situations gained, by those who have promoted, or display an eagerness to promote, this great and good end. But as to ingenuity and industry, my only dower, they are qualities of a nature harmless, peaceful, and humble, being most commonly the offspring of indigence, and the associates of those few only who have neither time nor desire to be meddling in politics; therefore they create no political sensations of either love, hope, or fear in the state. They are so imperceptible to the eye of power, that they are overlooked; and was it not for their pecuniary contributions to the support of government, (an honour which is never denied them,) would be totally forgotten, like a non-existence."

In this manner our Beauty reasoned with herself, and might have continued to reason longer, had she not been suddenly interrupted by the entrance of a well-dressed gentleman into the room, whistling the tune of "Hearts of Oak," who, when he saw her, thus addressed her: "It is you, madam, I presume, who have been soliciting favour of the minister, whom I have just left. As I suppose you are the person he mentioned to me, therefore I can inform you, that I heard him say that your claims to favour from the state were very frivolous, and that no attention could be paid to such curious and mistaken notions of importance, as those on which you founded your pretensions. If you had devised a new tax, or discovered a means to increase the force of gunpowder, you could not have thought more of yourself, by his account; therefore, tarrying longer in this place is unnecessary; you will see no more of him to-day, I

can assure you. His important hours are perpetually occupied in matters from which his country may reap advantage : he is, indeed, a wonderful man. I wish you a very good morning."

On thus taking his leave, he quitted the room; not much to the surprize of our Beauty, who had, in her own mind, anticipated the result of this her dernier resort ; and she now remained one of that little group of the blessed, who expecting nothing can defy disappointment.

CHAPTER V. AND LAST.

The Beauty receives a vast Treasure in wholesome Advice ; a Species of Riches seemingly much more easy to bestow than to use.

WHEN she became thus a prey to poverty, all her acquaintance, of course, thought themselves sufficiently wiser than herself, and therefore took upon them to admonish and direct her in what she was to do for her own good ; one tells her she ought to put her hand to drawing flowers, fruit, shells, insects ; another, to paint fans, or else miniatures of the favorite players in favorite characters, or of striking scenes in favorite novels ; or to draw caricatures of public characters, or describe the pastime of infants, or any such elegant and pleasing matters, fitted for the amusement of ladies and gentlemen of the politest circles ; and this, they said, would be spending her time to some purpose, and cautioned her not to hold her head so high, with her rhodomontade notions proceeding from pride and

impertinence, as if she thought the world could not turn round without her helping hand ;—adding, that it was intolerable folly and presumption in her and nothing better ; and, if persisted in, she might be very sure of being humbled according to her arrogance.—All this was told her in friendly plain English, for it is quite unnecessary to treat the poor with ceremony.

Another officious friend, although unasked, would still advise, saying, “ Why not try your luck in rural and tender scenes purely sentimental ? Seat yourself at a cottage door, incline your head with studied grace, and, with an elegant languor in your eye, look as if you had seen better days ; let a spinning-wheel be placed near, to indicate your industry, and pretty poultry round you, to shew the soft compassion of your angelic mind. You may have a straw hat upon your head, lined with a becoming colour. This, which you may place a little on one side of your forehead, will add wonderfully to your charms, yet at the same time give an air of careless neglect ; or tie a white handkerchief round your head and under your chin, for as the poor have no white handkerchiefs, it will serve to shew that you are not one of the vulgar.

“ Thus equipped, you will become a most interesting and sentimental figure of elegant distress, which cannot fail to captivate, with irresistible force, all those who cannot make the distinction between affectation and the real expression of pure and beautiful nature ; and as this class is by far the most numerous, you will, of course, gain numerous friends.”

One of her intimates, who was true to her and her interest,

addressed her in words to this effect : “ My dear and unfortunate friend, your situation appears to me to be truly deplorable, especially when I consider the modes of the country in which you have but too much flattered yourself with hopes of success. I will not deceive you with false notions to your utter ruin, but, on the contrary, like a plain dealer and true friend, will explain to you the naked truth of your lamentable case ; which may enable you with the more patience to receive the advice I shall then give you, and prevent your being mortified at what is said purely for your good.

“ In short, the true state of your case has been but too plainly proved to you by woeful experience, though you are yet so wilfully blind as to nourish hope.

You must plainly perceive that all those ideas of sublimity in your mind, of tragic grandeur, are every where received with disgust ; and as to comedy, in you it is deemed vulgar. The city considers all the work you have done, or all that you can do, as nothing more than useless lumber. The state, you see, will never employ you to immortalize their worthies or their heroes, and the church scorns your connections : even those prattling gossips, the daily newspapers, who can find leisure to give a loaded detail of every earth-born trifle, those with whom nothing is too trivial, gross, silly, or unimportant, who are the true thermometers of the temperature of the people, pass you by as a non-existence, unless now and then a palpable puff is given from personal friendship, or by pay, or accidental notice is taken of you by abuse—for your real genuine praise is always given with a certain portion of fear,

lest it pall upon the unwilling reader. Even the annals of your own royal school declare that you are scarcely to be found on record. In fact, you are not as yet naturalized, and therefore can claim no natural rights. Thus, in the whole combination, I think it must appear pretty distinctly to you, that the country has you now in check mate, and I should be glad to be informed by a person of your ingenuity, how you will make your next move, or what is your view or hope. The few customers to your little shop from Paternoster-Row, you say, are not sufficient to keep soul and body together ; and I know traders are always hard dealers.—In fine, you must abandon the capricious goddess Fame, when imperious hunger calls you. I seriously ask you, is it not much better to have a good dinner than to starve on high flown notions of sublimity ? I confess that I admire the integrity and noble independence of your heart, and the justness of that proper pride, which inspires you with the desire to execute the noblest purposes in your power, by which the memory of the honoured dead might be rendered immortal, and the eminent actions of the living would become illustrious examples in the eyes of the world, and society at large be enlightened, from the habitual view of images of pure beauty and heroic virtue, high wrought by efforts of sublime genius. But alas ! this is not the time, nor is this the place. For although there may be some, who are able to appreciate with justness the value of your highest efforts, yet these are too few to give you a sufficient support. The populace is not prepared to relish so great an attempt ;—you come upon the country unawares, and resemble those unhappy missionaries, whose zeal made them attempt to teach the holy mysteries of our religion to savages,

who had so small a share of cultivation, that instead of listening to those pious pastors, they first knocked them down, and then eat them. Learn of me ; humble your pride, if hunger has not already humbled you enough.

“ I shall now take the liberty to give you some advice for your future benefit, still most sensibly feeling that it may be a degree of mortification to you : however, true friendship is always willing to run the risk of offending, if by it she may do a real service.

“ I will plainly point out to you the path which you must follow to better your situation :

“ It has been frequently hinted to me that mimicry is your proper walk, and as it is that which suits all capacities, it will therefore give universal delight : try this scheme ; turn your mind to mimicry : here all will comprehend you, and all will be partakers of the pleasure it affords ; your abilities qualify you for this department ; to you it will be but play, and affluence will be the result.”

CONCLUSION.

It was at this period of the Beauty's misfortunes, that I undertook her narrative.—She had been, as I now discovered, exceedingly mortified at the wholesome advice of her best friend ; it sounded to her like insult, but no remedy was to be

found: she had ruminated on it till she grew very hungry, and as her hunger increased, her pride diminished, and she said within herself, "This state of want cannot be endured; I must console myself by the example of a great prophet, and say 'if the mountain will not at my order come to me, why then I must go to the mountain.' I will practise mimicry, since I must—and have plenty." She accordingly followed her friend's advice; and soon eminence and plenty were her own; the young, the old, the great, the rich, the learned, the wise, the beautiful, the vain, and the proud, attended late and early at her gates; from the new-born infant "mewling and puking in the nurse's arms," to the "slippery pataloön," tottering on the brink of the grave; and she mimicked the likeness of whoever came, with so much address, that each individual was filled with rapturous gratitude; for she did not draw in *caricatura*, but gave an air of either loveliness, dignity, or wisdom, which seemed to assimilate with the subject, and appeared to raise it beyond itself; and vanity became enamoured of its image. In short, the experiment so successfully answered, that from poverty and rags, she now flaunts in as good cloaths as any Christian would wish to wear, is well fed, and looks sleek and in good case, is both fat and cheerful, and is even thought a fit companion for any real gentlemen or lady in the land; is, at times, suffered even to dine (in private) with my lord and my lady, and the second table is always at her command, (of that she is free); while otherwise, with her pride and refined notions, she might have remained a wandering outcast, till she had died starving in a corner, unnoticed and forgot.

But such is the perverseness of human nature, that, notwithstanding all her plenty, she still, from an unconquered lurking pride, seems to feel herself as one degraded; she laments having no longer the power to exercise her highest talents, and, like an encaged bird, who, poor fool, still flutters those wings in pride of heart, which long since have ceased to be of any use, so she fancies herself reduced to be no better than the votary of vanity, and that she suffers for the advantage of others. And truly, thus far I must urge in justification of these seemingly strange notions, that, in consequence of her new calling, she is materially injured in her person; as, for instance, the original beauty of her form is, by such frequent habits of distortion, at length almost lost: her mouth, by screwing and stretching, now reaches, almost, from ear to ear; and her nose, by the habitual twisting and pulling into various forms, to bend it to those whom she has aimed to represent, now no longer retains the beauty it had once of the Grecian contour—at one time, she had nearly broke the gristle of it, by attempting to form it to the likeness of a person of fashion, whom she endeavoured to personate. Then her eyes also have acquired such a kind of squinting leer, as renders her really disagreeable to look at.

She still, in outward appearance, at least, preserves all the dignity of patience; for, at times, when she has been insultingly told, that she got her bread by grinning for her dinner, she has gaily replied, “Let those laugh who win; they cannot deny that I have a good dinner; and, as all pride within me is now subdued, I am therefore content with my humble lot.”

POSTSCRIPT.

THE curious reader will, perhaps, receive some gratification, though not pleasure in being informed of the farther ingenious opinions of those sagacious critics, to whom I have alluded in a former chapter. They still persist in their idea that the *Slighted Beauty* is a personification of the Fine Arts, and, in addition to what has already been said, they insist upon it, that her motley dress, in which she is described to have appeared on her return to England, is an allusion to the different styles of those various schools of Painting in Europe, whose manners and excellencies are imbibed and adopted, in a greater or less degree, by the professors in this country, who compose the mass, which we may now presume to call the English, or rather British, school of art.

The Chandler's shop, they say, is significant of the employment given to the fine arts in furnishing all those petty performances, which so much amuse the purchasers of modern art. Her lectures must mean Hogarth's moral works. Her sisters undoubtedly are Sculpture and Poetry, and her brother no other than Architecture; and her final resort to mimicry is verified by the common employment of English talent in the practice of portraiture.





SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS,

1780

From the Picture Painted by himself for the Royal Academy 1780.

ON

ORIGINALITY,

IMITATORS, AND COLLECTORS.

———Desilies imitator in arctum.

THE silent improvement of the mind may distinctly be seen in the progressive works of any great painter, whose life has been long.

His first step of art is a dry imitation of the most obvious part of nature, without sufficient knowledge, and without power of selection.

The second stage is full of acquirement, which, to the young and elated student, becomes delightful from its novelty, and makes him look down on the simplicity of nature as scarcely adequate to his purpose, because, in comparison with his own conceptions, it appears to him insipid.

The third and last state is a mature investigation of nature, regulated by the principles of science.

The first of these stages is of no value; every one can arrive

at it who is willing to make the attempt. It is of no greater difficulty than walking or dancing, and may be acquired by all in a certain degree ; but to walk or dance with eminent grace or dignity, must be the peculiar endowment of the individual, and extends beyond all rules or lessons.

The case is the same in painting : it is the display of superiority alone which gives it rank, and entitles it to respect ; although the ignorant pay nearly an equal degree of homage to every attempt, idle or ingenious, because they are not sensible of the difference, wide as it is, between that which it is the lot of so very few to attain, and that which is within the reach of all who take the trouble but to try.

A true criterion of talent is alone to be formed from the novelty, the originality, which is to be found in any work of art. As this is one of the constitutional marks of a powerful mind, which views nature from its own sensation or feeling, and an indispensable requisite in every work of genius, originality becomes the very test of merit. Something must be disclosed in the painter's attempt, not only of an estimable quality, but of such a kind as the world has never before seen ; and this essence, be its sphere ever so confined, will yet, according to its value and quantity, ascertain its degree of genius.

Therefore, it is not enough to do again that which has already been done, be it ever so grand or sublime : for, notwithstanding every ingenious endeavour to hide the debt by common-place alterations, the work will still want that novelty

by which it is to captivate, and which is to give it all its intrinsic value ; and, for that reason, it will never pass as the offspring of an elevated or strong mind, although it may denote one of much ingenuity.

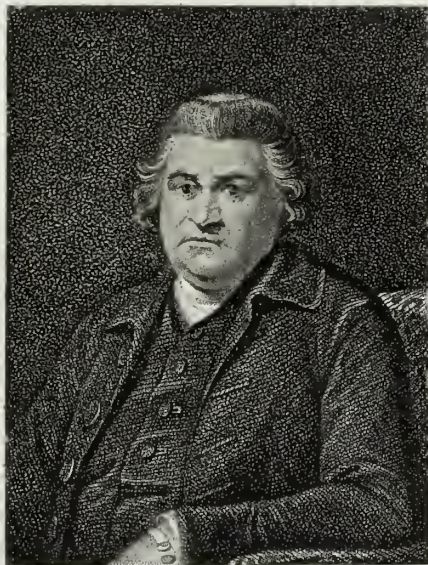
IMITATION is one of the means by which genius often makes its first advances towards excellence ; but it should ever be regarded as the means only, and not as the end. In every species of copying from the work of man, you put your mind in a state of subjection and servitude ; you are but making a copy from a copy ; it is giving up your own observation and study of nature into the hands of another.

Fame and immortality can never be reached by him who is contented to depend on imitation only for their attainment. Whilst you follow, it is well known, you must be behind. If you contend for fame through the channel of imitation, you must remember that, in order to possess yourself of that eminence which has long been the distinction of another, you must not be content with borrowing or drawing your nourishment from him alone ; for while he thus continues to claim superiority, he precludes you from the glory at which you aim. You must surpass him in his own particular excellence : you must, by superior achievement, obscure his name and annihilate his importance to the world. To accomplish this end, you must far outdo those excellencies which you seemed to imitate, by giving to them new and unexpected beauties, and, by these means, you will make that, which you began with considering as your example and your pattern, end in being your footstool only.

It was in this manner that the genius of Raffaello triumphed over Massaccio, and over Pietro Perugino his own master ; and a yet stronger example may be seen in the instance of Shakspeare, whose renown so totally obliterated all traces of his predecessors, from whom he is said to have copied, that, had not their names been rescued from oblivion by the untired researches of the laborious antiquary, we should not now have known that they had ever existed.

The imitator of another, if fame be his object, must remember, that he wages war against the elected sovereign of the province which he attempts to win, and that, in his endeavours after a station of immortality, he makes pretensions to a throne already filled, and which can hold but one. If, indeed, he prove finally successful, and raise his point of art to higher excellence than can be found in the productions which he imitates, his predecessor will then appear to have merely furnished him with hints of which he alone has been able to make the full use, and the prize of fame will be solely his own. The world will cease to find a value in that which they once admired, when they see it presented to them in so much more perfect a state, and of consequence all former examples will be rendered useless, become neglected, lost, and soon forgotten in the attractive splendour of his superior excellence.

But if, on the contrary, the imitator fail to surpass the object of his rivalry, the fate of being neglected will be his ; for the world is not solicitous to see that done in an inferior degree, which it has already seen executed with success ; nor must he, in that case, presume to flatter himself that he has



Engraved by J. Smith

Engraved by J. Smith

added a single atom to the fund of human knowledge or improvement. It is from this cause that the least portion of originality, although, as has been said, displaying itself in the lowest department of art, is more estimable in the eye of genius, than the most successful imitation of the highest excellence.

The originality of genius produces a variety, which is one of the greatest sources of our entertainment and pleasure, and is soothing to the inherent impatience of our nature.

Variety is a beauty requisite in every work of art, and can only be wrong, when carried to a degree of excess or affectation, or when persisted in to the prejudice of higher requisites.

There is, indeed, an originality of so high a class, that too few are the minds able to comprehend its excellence: I mean that which shows itself in the highest department of art, which we term the grand style.

Of this style it may be asserted, that, although it appeal to us with great and commanding powers, though it convey a sentiment the most awful and impressive, yet it speaks a language so little cultivated, or even rudely known, that none but minds the most highly enlightened can be made fully sensible of its essence.

Miserable would be the state of that artist, who, endowed by nature with powers so rare and suited to so great a task, after intense application, and perhaps the sacrifice of health

to labour, should find in the end, that he was to tell his tale in a country in which his language had not been learned, and to a people who would not endure to hear that his work was neither the subject of vulgar criticism, nor a mere toy which they are entitled to praise or condemn according to their ignorance or caprice; that it is not so much done for their pleasure as designed for their improvement, by opening the mind to receive impressions of the highest order, and aiding it to nourish the highest virtues.

In this style must be classed, in a greater or less degree, all those works of art which are intended to move the mind with terror and with pity, subjects which we but too commonly find rejected with disgust. This refinement upon delicacy itself, this extreme tenderness of sensibility, which is unable, even in picture, to survey an object of terror, has been one of the greatest hindrances to the advancement of modern art in England, notwithstanding that scenes of this description, when executed by foreign masters, are received with open arms into collections the most select, and viewed with unbounded admiration.

Surely, an evil star has presided over the fate of British arts, condemned for inability to do that which they have been prohibited from attempting, and driven to the necessity of wasting their strength on trivial subjects, unworthy of the powers and below the dignity of art!

Yet, while subjects of the highest order of art have been excluded in England from the painter's canvas, it cannot but

strike an observer as a singular circumstance, that our stage is not only permitted, but even required, to exhibit scenes of the deepest horror, and the tragic dramatist has free licence to “touch the very bounds” of all that we abhor.

The principal reason, I apprehend, wherefore subjects of terror have been objected to in painting, at the same time that they are thus admired in the deepest scenes of tragedy, is that our minds are not prepared, *by degrees*, for the impression made on us by the picture, which flashing upon us at once, affrights us, whereas the effect of the drama steals upon us gradually, by slow paces, until we are rendered capable of viewing the most terrible scenes.

Fortunately for the cause of the liberal arts in Britain, there appears a strong probability that the assistance given to Painting and Sculpture, by the splendid and munificent establishments which have just at this time been formed amongst us, may soon raise a school to vie with those that have, for ages, been the boast of every other polished state in Europe; and that the charm will at length be broken, which has so long kept the arts of design in bonds, with a sort of necromantic power.

A melancholy spectacle has it offered to Englishmen, to view the pining arts of Britain beset and trampled by an army of connoisseurs and collectors of foreign pictures, strengthened by the most powerful assistance of dealers in this species of traffic, all arranged rank and file, and bidding defiance to every effort of our own country, associating closely among themselves, assigning great names to the fragments they pos-

sessed, standing before them with affected rapture, and congratulating each other on their signal good fortune and their taste ! These men beheld, with terror and dismay, all such as fell under the suspicion of real knowledge and judgment in the art, apprehensive lest a discovery might be made, which would dissolve the magic charm, in one moment annihilate their visionary riches, and change to trumpery their ideal wealth.

This whole mass of operation might have been surveyed with the eye of compassion, as we see the poor lunatic who fancies himself a king, or regarded as a ludicrous scene in a comedy, but that it was not quite so innocent in its effects. It kept up perpetual war against the talents of all our living Artists, while an excess of adulation was bestowed on foreign works, and prices demanded and given for them as if they had been the productions, not of men, but angels ; the possessors, with affected wonder, asking the reason *why such works could not now be done*, as if any opportunity had been afforded of ascertaining by experiment, whether they could be done or not.

I shall conclude with observing, that if the excessive praises, of which some men of this description were so liberal, had been bestowed, with pure justice, on those works alone which deserve, and ever will claim, our respect, it would have been grateful to every lover of true genius ; but when, on the contrary, all sorts of common place or ruined performances were presented for your admiration, and when you perceived that mere trifles were called miracles, and saw all this lofty farce incessantly played off between cunning that sells, and ignorance that buys, it became difficult to view the scene with common patience.



Atk. Hill. Plate 1. March. 1793.



THOMAS LELAND. D.D.S.F.T.C.D.

LETTER

FROM

A DISAPPOINTED GENIUS.*

As an old practitioner in the liberal arts, I claim your indulgence. I consider you in some degree as their champion and protector, and though, by your profession, I know you cannot be rich, yet I am sure you are honest, and your attention ever alive to the voice of truth. I therefore boldly make my complaint to you, as it flows from the source of experience, and beg leave to bring forward to your observation a species of patrons of the arts, who, saving the predominance of their vanity, have, I believe, very good intentions, yet produce by their actions the worst of consequences. These *signiors*, like libertines in another department, are perpetually in quest of novelty, and, every year, find a new wonder, whose fancied talents are of their own creation, and on whom they lavish all their little patronage and attention; some embryo *artist*, cheaply purchased, who bends with profound humility and homage for the unexpected blessing, thanks heaven and his genius, and concludes that his fortune is made. The fond

* Originally addressed to the Artist.

patron is elated with the gratifying hope that his discernment and his taste will now be proved in the face of day, by the splendour of the rising genius, which his sagacity has been able to discover before it was known to, or became the wonder of, the world, and thus his fancy unites him as a joint sharer in the future glory of his protégé.

The consequences produced by this precipitate favour, are often deplorable, as the effects are precisely like those of a trap. The young, unthinking, vain, though innocent and pitiable, victim is deluded on, till the flower of his youth be past, and till it is become too late for him to begin or seek another profession; and when he is thus irretrievably encaged in the trammels of his art, his patron leaves him to his fate—commonly either finding himself mistaken in the talents of his subject, or cooling in his attachment as novelty wears off, or tired, perhaps, by repeated attempts to promote the fame of one whom he can prevail on so very few to admire. The unhappy wonder is thus turned adrift on chance and on the world, where, if his profession be *painting*, he becomes a picture-cleaner or an outcast, with poverty in store, and leisure more than enough to deplore the fatal hour he first was favoured by the caprice of his dangerous admirer, while the patron, untaught by experience, all alert, spreads fresh nets for fresh game, ensnares anew some unfledged subject, but with lively hopes of better luck; thus spoiling an honest tradesman, whose success in the world his bounty would have insured.

The wonder-hunters put me in mind of those gentlemen in Bartholomew fair, who are masters of what is called a *Flying*

Coach, and are continually taking up fresh darlings, one after another, giving each little fluttering heart a whirl in their airy vehicle, which “swiftly flies, yet makes no way,” but having once set it down again on the same ground from whence they took it up, regardless of the piteous countenance of the poor mortified urchin, look briskly round in quest of fresh aspirers to their bewitching honours, who are, of course, in their turn, cast off like those who went before.

For, give me leave to remark to you, that those professors, “which have borne the burden and heat of the day,” and whose long and laborious studies have been bent on the improvement of abilities which their efforts have demonstrated, are never in the thoughts of such patrons as objects of encouragement: fresh wonders are all they seek, totally regardless in what manner those future years are to be spent, over the fate of which they may be said to have cast the die.

Peace to all such!—But there have, of late, appeared (thanks to our better stars!) instances of such patronage as is truly patriotic, which revive the drooping head of art, and promise national splendour from its influence.

I am, &c., &c.,

A DISAPPOINTED GENIUS.

ON THE
INDEPENDENCE OF PAINTING ON
POETRY.

Decipit exemplar.

It is a received opinion, in minds not used to make nice distinctions, that painting is the follower of, and dependent on, poetry ; and this notion has, in some instances, been inculcated by the authorities of such men as apparently ought to have understood each of those sciences better: to which painters have never given an answer, because, having only the power of being eloquent on canvas, they have no opportunity of controverting this palpable absurdity. They are in the state of the lion in the fable, who was shown by the forester his image conquered by the man: had lions been the carvers, this example had been reversed.

Take all your ideas from the descriptions of the poets, and all your actions and expressions of the passions from the stage, and you will then be a hopeful painter.—This is the voice of

folly ; these are the watery notions of insipid men ; yet, however ridiculous or false such advice may appear to an enlightened mind, however confined and ignorant in conception, it would notwithstanding certainly be received as good counsel, by many whose education and power of intellect have sufficiently enabled them to see its grossness, had they but spared the time requisite to make the inquiry.

I do not mean to deny that either of those arts may reap some small advantage from the assistance of the other ; they, as studious followers of nature, may be said to receive more or less assistance from all things that exist.

Painting and poetry both begin their career from the same important point, and each strives to approach the same goal by different paths. Like companions of equality on a journey, they may at times derive aid from each other.

But let it ever be remembered, that they are equally the children and pupils of NATURE, rival imitators of her in hopes of fame ; and if either the poet or the painter be obliged to submit to the dominion or direction of the other, he will soon find himself deluded out of his right road by an ignis fatuus, a false representation of the great archetype. Moreover, in addition to all his own errors, he will frequently perceive himself involved in those of his companion whom he has acknowledged as his superior, thus proving himself to be of a mean genius, without hope of being ever ranked in the first class. For he demonstrates, that his capacity does not enable him to judge or choose for himself, but that, instead of apply-

ing to nature directly, he receives his ideas through the medium of another's mind, whom, like a weak bigot, he has made, of his equal, his protector and saint.

I have often thought, that there is no better way to prove the defects or excellencies of a poet, in respect to his descriptive powers or knowledge of nature, than by making a composition for a picture from the images which he raises, and from his own description of his characters and their actions. You by these means put him on his trial; you will detect every deviation from nature; and, when his performance is brought to this strict examination, it will sometimes happen, that what in words might seem like a true representation of nature to the poet, to the painter may appear much like the tale of a false witness in a court of justice, and he will soon be convinced, that the admired work is no more than an ingenious falsehood.

Historical truths, howsoever related, possess a certain degree of unavoidable simplicity, and are marked by such circumstances only as are necessary in explaining the state of the case in question; whereas the poet, indulging his fancy, perhaps, to forward his own particular purpose, but too frequently loads his tale with those additional conceptions, which in the painter's province will prove only cumbersome minutiae, and, when set before him as an example, will become a stumbling-block in his way.

There is also an interesting energy in pure nature, which poetry, as an imitative art, cannot possibly possess.

I wish to have it understood, that what I now say is relative chiefly to *descriptive* poetry ; in which, whosoever has searched the works of the poets with a painter's mind, must have observed the frequent occurrence of circumstances that are incompatible with each other.

It is, surely, not the province of one art to imitate another; nature alone is the great object from which all art draws its nourishment, and it will be found by experiment, that art thus copying art in succession, the evaporation of nature's essence will be so great at each remove, that very soon scarce any of the original flavour will be perceptible, and besides this, it will have gained an additional taste from each vessel through which it has passed.

To paint, therefore, the passions, from the exhibitions of them on the stage, or from any intended descriptions of nature by the poets, is to remove yourself one degree farther from truth, and places the painter in the same forlorn state to which a poet would reduce himself, who made pictures and the stage his only means of seeing nature.

The greatest works of art, both in painting and in sculpture, evidently derive all their highest excellence from being transcripts of ideas formed from a study of general nature, and regulated by a judicious choice ; and, if this be the case, it must then be acknowledged they would have been precisely the same, had poetry never existed but in the mind alone.

Perhaps it may be asked, why was our prime poet Shak-

speare selected for the English painters to try their first efforts on?—I would answer, not because he helped those painters in their art, but because the popular eminence of Shakspeare's name would help on to high notoriety any work connected with a poet already so precious, and would thus become the most ready means of attracting an unwilling people to pay some attention to their unknown painters. And I will venture to pronounce that not one of those pictures, from the best to the very worst, gained the smallest degree of intrinsic worth from the genius of Shakspeare; and for this plain reason, that what Shakspeare had done best was totally out of the province of the painter's art to represent; and also, that where the painter has succeeded best, it has been in that which it was not in the power of words to express, but belongs to painting alone, and which therefore even Shakspeare was unable to give, notwithstanding all his acknowledged powers.

The above reasons, I conjecture, are the only true ones which have induced any painter of merit to paint from any poet, not because he was helped in the powers of his art, but because he was helped in the sale of his work; since, by connecting himself with the poet, he immediately partook, and became a sharer, in all the advantages of his established notoriety.

It will be urged that Nicolas Poussin has painted from the poets. This may be true, and I am apt to think he was, of all painters, the fittest to paint from them. He was (if I may be allowed the expression) the *pedant* of painters. His subjects are often from the poets, his figures from the antique

statues, and his expressions of the passions chiefly from the stage or some other substitute for nature: he had a predilection for any helps, so he might avoid approaching that source. He had so little the habit of applying to nature for assistance, that it produced in him a painful awkwardness, whenever necessity obliged him to it; and, therefore, he is entitled the *learned* painter, in distinction from the *natural* painter. His expressions of the passions seem to have been made from description, or by receipts for expression; in consequence of which they have the appearance of being overcharged: it is this appearance which gives to his figures the air of hypocrites or pretenders to feeling, and is therefore apt to disgust, and to prevent our sympathy.

These are his greatest defects; yet it must be also remembered, that, mixed with that which ought not to be imitated, there is much in Poussin to be justly admired. It is most true, also, that his expressions cannot be mistaken by the most vulgar observer, any more than you can mistake those of a mask; but then they are without that beautiful variety with which nature teems, without those nice differences which create the exquisite sympathy, the interest, which we find inspired by the works of Raffaello. Raffaello, indeed, by possessing a thousand times the capacity of Poussin, had a field of greater extent, in which to range and to make a more select choice for his purpose; and this enabled him to approach so much nearer to a comparison with Nature herself, and gave him the vast pre-eminence which he possessed.—In Poussin it is the head and the hand we admire: in Raffaello the head, the hand, the heart, command our equal astonishment and delight.

It may be remarked, that the meaner painters and young students, in their beginnings, are the most fond, of any, of devoting their powers to the service of the poets.

There seem to have been but two principal causes, why painting should ever have applied itself to poetry for help : the one is the barrenness of those individual minds which have sought and followed it ; the other, that a picture not being capable of giving all the circumstances of a long narration, which yet may have some point of time in its events fit for the powers of the art, the spectator may refer to the poet's page, (who gives the complicated detail) and will be thence enabled to comprehend, with full effect, that sentiment in the picture which no words can give. This last reason is applicable also to subjects for painting taken from history.

But another great argument to be urged against painting from the poets is this : that, as all human powers are limited, you will find that the poet, be he ever so great, has still had his weaknesses to hide ; he has, judiciously perhaps, ranged through all his knowledge of nature, to select out those parts in which he could best bring his powers to a focus, and might best be able to screen his wants ; consequently he can give you at most but a partial view of nature, and therefore his representations, like all art when tried by the tally of nature and of truth, will be found frequently to be distorted, and, in many respects, imperfect and unnatural, and must of course have a tendency to mislead the efforts of the painter.

It is applicable to my present purpose, and will explain



J. Reynolds Pinx^t G. Corbitt Scul^p
The R. Hon^{ble} Lady Charlotte Johnston.

London, Printed for Rob^t. Sayer Map & Printseller, at N^o. 53 in Fleet Street.

Letter of the Earl of Halifax
Geo 2^d

what I mean to say, if I refer to an instance where the same story is related by the historian and by the poet.

The book of Ruth, as found in the Bible, is given with all that fascinating simplicity, energy, and interest, which ever accompany an unassuming relation of simple facts ; and, from being divested of all art, it captivates with irresistible power, like truth itself.

The same story is said to be also told by Thomson in his Seasons, under the name of *Lavinia*. But the distance at which it is removed from its original, by the artificial and studied modes of poetic narration, diminishes the air of truth, and renders sympathy comparatively inadmissible. It would, therefore, be the grossest absurdity for the painter to look to him for his example. Besides, the means are here made to predominate over the end. The author seems more solicitous to draw our attention and admiration on his own poetic powers, than on the delicate distress in which he has involved his fair Lavinia, and reminds us of some vain actors on the stage, who, instead of attending to the character they have undertaken to represent, are wholly employed in looking round on the audience, to discover how many they have captivated by their charms.

This preference of the means to the end is the disease of professorship, to which all professors are but too liable. The painter is enamoured with handling and executive power ; the accomplished performer in music, if required to play, will, instead of such a composition as would recommend his taste

or delight your ear, sometimes give you that which has no one property to recommend it to notice, but its infinite difficulty to be performed.

Bombast in poetry, and ranting on the stage, are allowed to be the bane of either art ; yet they have power to captivate the vulgar, who abundantly admire and freely give applause where sounding words in the poet, or violent distortions in the actor, are offered as the substitute for meaning and for sense ; and many an empty nothing seems embodied by these splendid impositions.

But all this is of no sort of use towards helping the painter in his work : the contemplation of it has rather a tendency to hurt the state of his mind, in which the grandeur and simplicity of Nature ought alone to prevail, as they do when she inspires the works of the greatest masters.

Where, in fact, can he go for succour, but to nature ? If he wish to represent the person of a beautiful Eve on his canvas, shall he wander to the poet ? And will he there, even in the highest examples of the art, find himself much assisted in his efforts, by being informed that

“ *Heaven*” was “ *in her eye,*”

Or,

“ *In her gestures, dignity and love?*”

I do not mean to say but that the poet, in so describing her, has done his work well, as all that he had to do was to make

us conceive that his Eve was complete and perfect, and this he has effected by the proper means in his art, leaving us to finish in our minds the idea he has inspired: but the painter still remains unassisted, and has yet to apply to nature as his source of information, as he cannot paint, from words, either "Heaven in her eye," or "Love in her gestures."

And, notwithstanding that many flights of imagination, arising in the mind of the poet, and particularly fitted to *his* art, may have given vast delight, and caused the highest admiration, we shall yet, on the trial, be convinced that they are not adapted to that of the painter, and therefore are no model for his imitation; since the painter ought to furnish his work with those materials best suited to his own art and to his own purpose, selected from Nature's boundless variety by the direction and influence of his individual disposition and sensation; by which means the work will be new, and of consequence in a greater or less degree delightful.

There cannot be a stronger proof of a genius for painting, than to know well the subjects best adapted to the powers of the art.

When you paint from a poet, you may be said to have your dinner from the table of one man; you must take what he was able to give you, whether it particularly suit your palate or not; but from Nature's great banquet you have an unbounded range for your choice, you have the liberty which the poet had, of selecting out those parts and those circum-

stances which best suit your temper, your powers, and your particular art.

It must without doubt be acknowledged, that every work of the liberal arts is a lesson by which we may be taught to discover and distinguish the highest beauties of nature ; still remembering that art is not nature, any more than the directing post is the road you look for.

I press the argument with the more force, to prevent all bigotted reliance on guides, weak and fallible as ourselves : Nature we may rely on with the most absolute security, since in her there is nothing contradictory or false, and when seen by the cultivated mind of a man of genius, she presents an ample store of that which is perfectly simple, beautiful, pathetic and sublime, in a much higher degree than can be found in any work of art, nature being the fountain of all art.

I cannot but offer one remark of some authority, which is, that in searching through the works of Raffaello, Michael Angelo, and Correggio, the most eminent painters that have appeared in the world since the revival of the arts, you will find but very few subjects by their hands taken from a poet, and, of their works of the highest fame, *not one* ; and as these names are at the highest pinnacle of art, it is a clear proof of that eminence being within the reach of painting without the help of the poets. The best historians, and simple relations of facts have been their chief resource ; and whenever any of the great painters have been what we may justly call poetical

in their compositions, it has always been from their own funds, by the means of which they were enabled to bring together such materials as best suited their powers and their art. For the poetic subjects of a painter, and those of a poet, differ as much in their nature, as do the means by which the sentiment of each is given to the world.

In a picture there should be no attempt to tell a long and complicated tale: the art of painting is not the vehicle for long stories.

The subjects best suited to the powers of the art are, *1st*, such as contain a sentiment within themselves, which may be impressed by character, action, and situation; and are not dependent on foreign aid for an explanation of their greatest interests;

Or, *2dly*, those eminent events which are known to all, yet, in their relation, are unincumbered by trifling minuteness of description, and leave the imagination to range without control;—Such are all the subjects of Sacred Scripture;—witness those innumerable beauties, which have been introduced in pictures relative to the first years of the life of Christ;

Or, *3dly*, those historical facts which are rendered eminent or important either from their consequences, or by characters conspicuous for their virtues or their vices.

In fine, the painter who would give most force and dignity to his art, whether he take the subject for his picture from the

historian or the poet, should consider himself as inventing a kind of Episode to the author. He is not his servant or follower, but his equal : he is to illustrate and amplify all that which words cannot reach, and thus to complete the poet's work : he must add the supplement, be the explainer and splendid commentator.

For there are certain ideas and impressions, which the mind is capable of receiving, and which words are not calculated to give. This is eminently exemplified in matters of natural history and mechanical inventions, which can never be explained by words alone, without the help of figures or diagrams added to the descriptions—The figure gives the form, the words its qualities.

Just in this state of relationship stand the painter and the poet. Neither of them is the inferior or imitator of the other, but equal, and distinct in their powers ; and when their force is united in assisting each other, they leave nothing for the imagination to supply.





Sir J. Reynolds pinx^t

Hawthorn, sculp

Reynolds

GEORGE III. THE KING

SECOND LETTER

FROM

A DISAPPOINTED GENIUS.

THE reader may recollect, in an early part of these papers, a short address from an unfortunate Artist, whose memoirs form the subject of the following letter. Although I will not take on me to say how far it may prove entertaining to my readers in general, I am in hopes that, with some of them, it may have a moral tendency, by pointing out the pitiable consequences of misapplied industry in those who, either from youthful conceit, the fond partiality of parents, or the inconsiderate flattery of friends, have been led on, step by step, to espouse a profession for which nature never designed them, and for which they have forfeited nearly all the blessings that life has to bestow, and embraced, in their stead, poverty and contempt; when the same industry and the same moderate talents, which failed in the pursuit of celebrity, would have been their security in a more ordinary track, and might have brought them every requisite to competency and comfort.

From others' harms learn to beware,
And you shall do full well.

GALLANT LADY'S FALL.

I CONCLUDE you* are well informed by your scientific mind and professional knowledge, that all things seen in perspective make those parts appear the largest which approach nearest to our eye. A similar effect is produced by the influence of that partiality which every man feels for himself: and although I am well aware that to some I may appear so distant in the horizon that I am almost lost in the vanishing point, yet, in my own view of the prospect, I am not only by very much the largest, but also the most finished figure in the whole extensive circle, and with this prepossession, I can have no doubt that whatever relates to myself or my concerns must be infinitely interesting to you.

It was my ill fortune to have been born in one of the counties of England the most distant from the metropolis, and this untoward circumstance debarred me from every means of early improvement in my darling study. It would be mere affectation (which I detest) were I not ingenuously to confess that I think I had, from my birth, a *genius for painting*, which in my own opinion was evidently proved by the early love I showed towards the art, notwithstanding my father, good man, never would give me the least encouragement in such a notion; for although he was a wise man in many respects, yet it seemed to me that he had too much of the dry philosopher about him, and did not think it consistent with prudence to trust any thing to the risk of fortune or chance, if it were possible to avoid it, and with whatever eagerness I urged my claims to eminence in the art, he still answered coldly, insisted

* Originally addressed to the Artist.

on its being a very precarious undertaking, and said that none but such as were by nature blessed with uncommon abilities would succeed in it; adding that he should much rather see me a good honest shoemaker, as that was a safe and sure maintenance, since every body at some time or other must be in want of good shoes, but that nobody at any time would be in want of bad pictures. All this pithy advice sounded in my ears little better than folly or ignorance. It was still a fixed thing in my own mind that *I had a genius*, and drawing was my only delight, which he called idling; indeed it might to *him* have that appearance, for I must honestly confess that I always felt an aversion to every thing which was given me to do as a task, and instead of trying to write a good round hand, or to cast up a sum in arithmetic, I generally spent the time in scrawling figures and landscapes on my copy-book. Whenever a strolling painter came into the town, I was sure to be his constant follower, greatly to the displeasure of my father, who generally checked my ardour by dryly saying, "Hold! hold! this intimacy will end in his borrowing money of me, and then we must take the debt out in pictures, or get nothing, which is the same thing." You may conceive how all this sounded in my ears.—That *genius* should be thus treated! —All my friends and acquaintance persevered in their opinion of my wonderful talents, and although my father would not take their word, I did. I therefore grew impatient, and determined to take the first opportunity of quitting his house, whether with or without his consent, being fully convinced that I should make my name illustrious in the art. Accordingly on a fine May morning I set out for London, filled with all the enthusiasm of youth, and elated with my ideal prospects of future success.

As I approached the great city, which I had never seen, it seemed to me that I trod on the clouds, and was at the entrance of Paradise; however, when in London, I had powerful competitors to encounter, and I found myself in the state of the harper in the fable, who, after having been the wonder of his native town, was astonished at being hissed off the London stage. Nevertheless, I persisted undismayed, and now resolved to become a portrait-painter.

But here also I soon found a considerable difference in the face of the world towards me: At my father's house, where I had never offered my works for sale, I had been used to have the most excessive praises bestowed on my performances, for that cost the donors nothing; but now, as I was to be paid for them, the case was materially altered, since all who came had a right to speak their mind, and to examine sharply whether they had got an equivalent for their money. I took care always to make my likenesses uncommonly strong,—they sometimes perhaps bordered a little on *caricatura*, which occasioned my being often told they were not handsome enough; and not unfrequently even the *likeness* was disputed, and all that I could say in my own behalf went for nothing: it was only lost labour for me to assert that it was impossible for resemblances to be stronger, even if Raffaele himself had drawn them; no one would take my word, and I was obliged to submit patiently to have it proved by a very severe, and as I thought, a very unjust trial, as it was carried on before a numerous jury, of whom many were certainly not my *Peers*, and yet I was not allowed the power of challenging a single one amongst them. The portrait I had drawn was to stand the test of being known and approved of,

not only by the employer, but also by a long train of sycophant followers; to wit, ignorant affected ladies' maids, humble, flattering, dependent cousins, nursery-maids both wet and dry, new born babes and favorite dogs; and if all these did not give a verdict in my favour, my work was left upon my hands, and my employers became my inveterate enemies, with as much rage against me as if I had made their own persons as hideous as they said I had made their pictures: indeed they told me I had given it *under my hand* that they were so.

I now despaired of succeeding in this line, and began to grow weary of my life; yet something was to be done for a livelihood. I therefore looked about, in hopes of hitting on some new invention, by which I might yet captivate the world: but this was a difficult matter; for every thing I could think of appeared to have been done already. At one time I thought of painting with my toes instead of my fingers, as such an essay at a striking novelty would have been a sure means of bringing all London at my feet, and my heart leaped for joy when the thought came first into my head. I reflected with delight that I was so fortunate as to be in that country and in that very city, so eminently known above all others in the world for their liberal and splendid encouragement of quackeries of every species, and my elated heart made me look down with contempt on all the other schemes of making pictures, whether in silks, in worsted, in wool, with bits of coloured rags, marble dust, sand, or a hot poker. These had passed their day and were forgotten, having been pushed from their places to make way for newer wonders. But there

was one sorrowful obstacle to the completion of my scheme, which was, that some little time was requisite for acquiring the proper practice; though I knew a very moderate degree would have been sufficient to satisfy the eager curiosity of an idle multitude, glad to catch at any means by which they may get rid of themselves and a tedious hour: but as I was actually without either money or credit, I had great apprehensions that I should have run the hazard of being starved in my novitiate, and this fear alone made me give up the scheme altogether, to my no small mortification.

My next determination was to become the inventor of *the Venetian ground*, on board and on canvas, by which means every painter should be enabled to paint exactly like Titian; and thus, like most other teachers, I boldly proposed to point out that road to others, which I had not been able to find myself.

This lucky hit for a time proved very successful, and I was employed to prepare canvas for some of the high painters in town; but fortune soon left me again in the lurch, for in a short space of time some of the pictures which had been painted on my grounds became exceedingly cracked, and others fell piecemeal from the canvas; so that I have been informed, that the house-maids used to bestow curses on the painter for dirtying the rooms with his *dropping* pictures. But that which gave the finishing blow to my credit in this line of *Art*, was an accident that happened to a portrait which had been painted by a very celebrated artist on one of my primed grounds. It was hung over the chimney of a very close warm room, and

from the great heat, the ground became soft to such a degree, that the eye floated down the face as low as the mouth; and really I must own that it quite spoiled the likeness.*

I next professed myself a picture-cleaner, having an invaluable nostrum for this purpose, which was imparted to me by a friend. But having had a picture by Vandyke, of some value, intrusted to my care, I unfortunately, from ignorance in the method of using my nostrum, nearly rubbed it out, and lost the skin from the tops of my fingers into the bargain. This hurt my character so much, that I could not get any one to trust me with another job, for I had neither the wit nor the knavery to paint over again those parts which I had cleaned away, as then I should have stood a good chance of delighting my employer, and making him think the picture much better than ever it had been; but, when I showed him the canvas quite bare, he dismissed me with rage.

I was now driven to such streights, that the Arch-fiend, who they say, never sleeps, took the opportunity of my distress to tempt me to become a *dealer in pictures*; but, thank Heaven, I was able to resist him, for I had always a spirit far above such a traffic, and I am happy in this place to declare, that, in all the melancholy hours of my frequent distress from cold and hunger, even when driven from my lodging and my bed to the

* A safer method of preparing *grounds* and suitable colours, has lately been rewarded by the Society of Arts with a premium of twenty guineas, and their silver medal.

street and a bulk, (not being able to pay my rent,) I have never yielded to the temptation ; but although guilty of many sins, I have kept my hands clean from that business, and I hope they will so remain to my life's end, and be laid unspotted in my grave, for I am a true-born Englishman, and a lover of my own country. But I am apt to think that Satan, because he could not prevail, has owed me a grudge ever since, and, in consequence, has reduced me to such a state of misery, that I was glad to catch at a shadow, and have now taken to drawing profiles by lamp-light, and cutting them out in paper and blacking them over with ink or black-ball ; and by these means at present I pick up a precarious livelihood. But, after all, my good father's words come frequently to my mind, when he used to say, that all the world at times want shoes ; which is precisely my own case at this present moment, and for which reason I am not able to come out of doors, especially in wet weather. Dear Mr. Artist, if you will be so good as to lend me a two-pound note, on my honour as a painter, and therefore a gentleman (although without shoes), I will honestly pay you again from the profits of the very first shadows I can catch.

I shall not disclose my name, (for indeed I have, from necessity, been obliged to adopt so many, that I now scarcely know which was the original one,) but shall sign myself, as before, by that which I know is my right,

Your's, &c., &c.,

A DISAPPOINTED GENIUS.

ON THE
IMITATION OF THE STAGE
IN PAINTING.

Quo spectanda modo, quo sensu ?

IN a former paper it has been my endeavour to point out some of the evil consequences that might ensue to the Student in Painting, from his not having a proper conception how highly important it is to him, that he should look up to nature as the great archetype and the source of all truth. In that paper I dwelt chiefly on the danger of his being led away by Poetry : I shall now finish my subject by a few observations also on the hazard of his imitating the Stage.

Young minds, from their inexperience, are prone to be captivated with all such appearances as are most palpable to the senses, and it requires time and nice observation to enable them to select and discriminate those higher beauties, which the more mature mind expects and demands from any work of Art that attempts to gain its approbation.

The young Student in Painting, perhaps, may view with astonishment and delight the expression of the passions on the Stage, and think this copy even preferable to the original in Nature itself, because it is more obtrusive and glaring, and he may, therefore, conceive it needless to seek for better models as examples.

It is true that the Stage offers him an opportunity of seeing the representations of awful situations, which he may never obtain a sight of in nature. But it behoves him to examine carefully whether this be a true portrait of nature, or not; as well as to consider also the great distinction which exists, of necessity, between a theatrical representation and a picture: there certainly are some important and fundamental differences; for, notwithstanding that they are, each of them, imitations of nature, yet they are shewn under very different circumstances.

It is to be remembered that the Painter can represent only one moment of time, yet the picture may remain long before your eye, and thus enable you to investigate its merits or defects with the most critical exactness: therefore the highest delicacies of expression may be given without the least risk of the most subtle beauties being overlooked. He has also an unlimited power over the persons of his drama, so as to suit them to the characters they represent, in every requisite. But the actor, not having these advantages, must supply the deficiency by violent and decided gestures, actions, and expressions of the countenance, such as may be seen and understood at all distances, and by all the various capacities that

compose his audience ; and, in as much as his voice is raised above all common modes of speaking, so his expression of the passions and their actions, may be carried beyond all common modes of expression or action, and this may be at times an excuse for his *out-stepping the modesty* of Nature, as Shakespere terms it, which he sometimes does. But the Painter has no such motives to check his highest attempts at refinement ; his work is to remain long for examination, and for the discovery of all those excellencies which may be shewn in it of expression, character, situation, and action, together with all those effects of refined and deep observation on nature, which are characteristic marks in the works of the greatest masters of the art.

These refinements, if the Actor could exhibit them, would be of too delicate a nature to be discerned under the circumstances with which representations on the Stage are seen ; and for this reason they would be in danger of appearing insipid, and his character under-acted. The ancients seemed so sensible of this, that, to avoid the error here mentioned, they are said to have run into the contrary extreme, if it be true, as some of the learned antiquarians suppose, that their stage representations were performed with actions the most violent, the expressions of the passions in the face supplied by the distortions of a mask, and the voice assisted by a species of speaking-trumpet, or some such artifice. By an exhibition like this, the Painter, to be sure, would be in no danger of being led astray, for here was nothing of nature to inform or to allure him ; yet I cannot but repeat in this place the apprehension I have before expressed, respecting the hazard

which attends on a bigoted and indiscriminate admiration of any model to be found in the circle of art : for, although the Painter might not be in danger of being led away by a scene which offered to his view so awkward a spectacle as that above described, yet it is to be observed, that this rude, immense yet despicable, Stage was destined to exhibit scenes conceived by men endowed with powers of the first magnitude, illustrious geniuses reduced to the necessity of conforming their works to the barrenness of their theatrical apparatus ; and that, notwithstanding they were unable to display the full extent of their powers in this limited scenery, still the dazzling splendour of their invention has so blinded succeeding critics, that those bigoted devotees, unable in the heat of their admiration to distinguish that which was praiseworthy from that which was defective, have mistaken those accidental accommodations contrived by the poets to adapt their works to the scanty means of stage effect, and construed them into beauties, have boldly drawn rules from the whole together, and delivered them down to posterity as laws, which proceeded from infallible guides, for all succeeding dramatists, and as excellence fit for everlasting imitation. This instance alone may serve as an awful example to shew how careful we ought to be, both as professors and critics, that, whilst we admire, we should be very circumspect to make the just distinction and separation between that which is the proper object of our admiration, and that which is its accidental accompaniment, and which may be, and often is, a drawback on its merit. This, however, is not so easy a task as at first it seems, and many a young student has been ruined and made a mannerist from the want of this very power of discrimina-

tion, since we have seen that the splendour of certain excellences often so deludes the judgment, that the whole mass is received together as the entire model of perfection. How frequently do we hear the young practitioner in painting bestow an equal praise on the work of a great master for that which he has not done, as for that which he has, and how frequently is he apt to think himself thereby excused in not doing well those things which he does not find adequately accomplished in the work, which is the object of his study ! Instances of a similar kind, as I have before remarked, we find clearly exemplified in those modern dramatic authors, (and some of them not mean ones neither,) who, overcome by the captivating genius of the ancient dramatists, and without taking into consideration the embarrassed state to which they were reduced by the necessities of their Stage, have therefore slavishly imitated all their accidental defects as if they were the greatest beauties.

It was the apprehension of this dangerous kind of bigotry which made Nicolas Poussin say of Pietro da Cortona that he was born into the world to be the ruin of Art, because the splendour of his beauties eclipsed egregious defects ; and of the latter it is that the imitator carries off the largest share, because the excellences of an original genius, as they are produced by the force of his own nature, are always inimitable.

Under a similar infatuation, the Painter, in his admiration of the merits of some favourite actor, might blindly take too large a portion of the individual for his model : and we often see instances, even amongst the works of great masters, where

they have made a favourite individual, either a mistress or wife, the sole model for their highest efforts towards giving an example of the most perfect beauty.

There is a natural bias in mankind, which inclines them to imitate that which they admire, and is the principal cause that we so often have occasion to remark in Poets, Players, and Painters, &c. a propensity towards copying; or being of the school, as I may say, of some native genius of each class : but this is an ill omen, a dangerous state ; because, in the end, it will produce what we call a mannerist. If this practice be a means to strengthen the weak, it will surely enfeeble the strong, and is not the way to be on a par in value with the object of their admiration.

Those favourites of Nature, whom she has endowed with superior talents, display an essence in all their efforts, which is able to bid defiance to imitation, and keeps it ever at a humble distance ; we can copy only their grossness, the obvious quality, but none of that indescribable zest which gives the whole its value and power to delight.

The mimic of genius is like the monkey to the man ; there is a rude superficial similitude, but the action is without its proper motive or its use ; although its general *effect* to the eye may be something alike, yet the *cause* is totally different, which renders it useless ; you may imitate the external action and manners of a wise man, but that is neither being wise, nor the way to become so.

A splendid display of high art is so captivating, that, at the same time that it is a lesson, it is but too apt also to delude the unwary ; and it becomes a difficulty that demands the utmost exertion of judgment, to disentangle and separate the part, which might be of service, from that which might be prejudicial as an example. We have seen this error of delusion demonstrated in most eminent instances, in what we may call the *late* school of French painters, who, evidently, instead of looking at nature as their guide, assisted themselves almost entirely from the poets and the stage, which has given to all their historical paintings of that period the exact air of a scene in an opera. Enamoured by the artificial spectacle, which seemed a picture already done to their hands, they believed they had thus a much more easy means by which to make the arrangement of their pictures, than by searching out and selecting the refined and subtile beauties in the stores of nature: they thus took that which was most obvious to them and came first to hand, not giving themselves the trouble to examine into the difference between this fabricated mass and nature unadorned, or to investigate the reason why an opera has such charms ;—that it was solely from its being a combination of the most exquisite art, which a little consideration would have been sufficient to have informed them of, had they not been too idle to examine or analyse it, and to convince themselves that it is too far removed from nature to answer the painter's purpose.

The remark is obvious to all, that, when you see an opera performed, your whole attention is taken up by the excellence of the composition of the music, and of its various performers.

The circumstances of the Drama, or the fate of the personages it represents, engage but a very small part of your interest, nor is it designed that they should attract a greater: the little of nature which is there displayed, is moulded to serve a particular purpose, and therefore will neither create nor gain your sympathy; your whole attention is taken up in admiration and pleasure in the contemplation of fine art. I have already remarked, that it is considerably the same in poetry, which is high art engrafted on the stem of nature; but the art still predominates, and is so intended; and I might add, that an equal caution may be applied in regard to Painting, when proposed as the example for any other art; but such a remark is here unnecessary.

As a general rule it may be remarked, that, by as much as you see the artifice obtrude or prevail, by so much it diminishes that interest which ought to be the first and predominating quality of every work which aspires to be a representation of fine nature.

It is a well known observation, that when you read fine poetry, you think of and admire the genius of the author; but when you read the simple history or relation of a fact, you are absorbed and interested by the narration only, and never once think of the relator, because in the first case it is the art which prevails and catches your attention, in the last it is only simple nature which creates the highest interest. The student of painting, therefore, should never suffer his mind, which ought to range at large, to be fettered by any bigoted adoration of another's work; but should consider the dignity of

the art which he professes, and the extent of its powers, and that all nature is before him and courts his choice.

Never rest content with the word of another when you can have free access to the fountain of all truth.

Yet after all that I have said, let me not be misunderstood. I well know that, to form the mind of an accomplished painter, every possible knowledge would assist; instruction should be received and cherished from whatever quarter it may chance to come, and poetry, painting, and the stage, will each afford their ample lessons when judiciously surveyed, and not held up in our minds above their rank or value.

It is the characteristic quality of genius to comprehend much at one view. By means of that quality alone it is that we can justly ascertain the true comparative worth or importance of things, as the reverse is conspicuously discoverable in persons of narrow intellect, who viewing every object with a microscopic eye, see small things great, with a disproportionate effect; and to this cause it is owing that in all the imitative arts, poetry, painting, &c. we so commonly perceive parts only of a work well done, and not of a piece with the rest, nor in harmony with the general effect of the work.

To make an union in the whole together, to give it the appearance of a work done by that presiding power which sees the whole, while executing each particular part, is the grand excellence and difficulty of art. When this can be accomplished, it proves beyond all doubt the mind of genius and the master's hand.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG ARTIST.

It seems to be inherent in the nature of mankind, and more particularly at the period of youth, when we first enter on the busy stage of life, to be possessed with a much higher notion of our own importance, abilities, and claims on fortune, than we find to be justified by subsequent events. And although this presumption may be a powerful incitement to great actions in early life, yet as the truth will be disclosed by degrees, and harsh experience will every day teach us how much less wise, and how much less fortunate we are, than vanity had promised and led us to suppose, bitter mortification must be the unavoidable consequence of such self delusion.

To prevent the evils incident to those who being deficient in a knowledge of the world, are thus apt to frame their conduct upon mistaken notions both of themselves and human life, such precautions and admonitions should be given to them, and such examples pointed out, as will best supply the place of that experience, which seldom comes to instruct us till it is too late to gain any advantage from its hard-earned lessons.

None can be taught too early to know what they have to expect, or on what they are to depend.



THE ENGRAVER'S MARK

JOHN B. KNEELAND, ENGRAVER, NEW YORK

Portrait of a Gentleman by Sir J. Reynolds

Considerations like these induce me to say, that if happiness be the lot of a painter, he will most commonly find the blessing, like the religious devotee, in the solitary enjoyment of his own thoughts, in the delightful reveries of a mind ever teeming with images which play on the fancy in infinite varieties. To impart these conceptions to the world, must be his first aim and highest gratification; and by succeeding, he will transform his labour into pleasure. For let it be remembered that he who devotes himself to study, will be obliged to make frequent sacrifices at its altar, and must be prepared to suffer, with patience, both wants and privations. If he cannot command sufficient resolution to meet this arduous state, it were better for him to leave the *Fine Arts* to be encountered by those of abler minds and stronger nerves, and not expect (as a late great writer expresses it on another occasion) to be dandled into an artist. Eminence is not to be gained whether you will or no: superiority is not of easy acquisition where all are striving to be the most excellent.

Few are aware of the hidden cause, which but too often obtrudes its influence to determine their choice of a profession, and still fewer would brook being told that it was idleness, or perhaps vanity alone.

In all those professions which chiefly attract the gaze of youth, these view at a distance the eminent only, who seem to them to be surrounded by an alluring and bewitching splendour to which they find that the rich and even the powerful pay homage. For instance, successful poets, painters, players, warriors, captivate the inexperienced and aspiring

candidate for fame, and there are few amongst the young, of any spirit, who have not fixed upon one of those favorite objects, as the idol of their emulation, and gaily joined the poet's song,

“What shall I do to be for ever known
And make the coming age my own?”

while the safe, though obscure occupations of common life are treated by them with scorn: for no suspicion of inability has ever alarmed them with a doubt of success.

No whispers of experience have ever informed them of the toils and difficulties which must be encountered, or the many chances that must concur to produce an instance of distinguished superiority: their notice has been attracted by those alone who have gained the prize; not aware of the thousands that have perished in the attempt and are forgotten; nor suspecting that as they climb the mountains there will open to their view still higher mountains to be climbed.

There are certain employments in some manufactures so baleful to the human species, that the laws of England, framed with equal wisdom and compassion, have prohibited the proprietors from enticing persons into the pernicious work; and none but such as voluntarily offer themselves can be employed in them. The same restricting rule would be advantageous in respect to the arts; none should, by flattery, when young, be deluded by weak or ill judging patrons to undertake that in which they are probably not qualified by nature to succeed. It would be much wiser to treat them as

a kind father acted by his son, when he expressed an eager desire to devote himself to the service of the navy, the result, perhaps of idleness, accident, or whims, and with a total, ignorance of the kind of life which he fixed upon as the object of his choice. The father complied with his request, but at the same time gave a strict injunction to the commanding officer, not to screen him from any, even of the hardest duties of his profession ; as by this means he would gain experience before it was too late for his profit ; and should his 'mind, after the trial, continue unchanged, his choice would be then proved to be an impulse of nature, and he would be likely to do much honour to himself and his profession. Thus in the arts (indeed in every department), he who knows the worst at first, and still persists to combat all the difficulties in his way, almost insures success : as it proves in him the possession of that strength of mind, which is an indispensable requisite towards the attainment of excellence. It is the true spirit of emulation which inspires him. He will not content himself with the little ambition of surpassing his contemporaries only, but feels it a duty to survey the works of all men in all ages and in all countries : nor will he deign to congratulate himself while he is conscious that any man before him has accomplished that in which he has been foiled, but will perceive himself in danger of incurring the shame and disgrace of one who has arrogantly engaged to perform a feat beyond his powers. He feels that, being originally at liberty, he might have avoided the contest ; but having made his election, he is no longer free but must succeed, or suffer the consequences of a presumptuous and defeated pretension.

I must remark, that in the performance of all those works, which are mere superfluities in life, and not absolutely necessary to the well being of mankind, and which, if not well done, need not be done at all, a mediocrity of performance will have no place, will never be called for: and the pitiable object, who fails in the arduous enterprize, will soon find that the little ability which he possessed, will of course be diminished, because his thoughts must necessarily be employed, not on his art, but on petty contrivances, to procure the means of a precarious maintenance; and thus he skulks through life by shifts and expedients, in want and discredit. Innumerable examples have proved the profession of a painter to be difficult of attainment, and uncertain in the event, even when accompanied with excellence, and that hundreds must attempt for one to be prosperous; therefore it ought to be clearly ascertained, that its votaries and followers are real lovers of the study, *for its own sake*, before they are permitted to espouse it for life: and such prognostics should be shewn as may best presage success in the adventure. Yet, on the other hand, we should, with jealousy, beware of that presumptuous confidence, which would be the greatest hindrance to all improvement, by closing up the mind in its self-sufficiency, and putting a stop to all inquiry, by reducing it to rest on its own fancied perfection.

No man can have too little dependance on what he possesses, nor too much on his ability of acquirement.

He who is determined to become a great painter, should consider himself as ever learning, continually in progress, but



J. Reynolds Pinx.

Lady Scarsdale & her Son.

J. Paul. Ecclt.

Printed for John Bowles at N^o 13, in Cornhill.

yet as one, before whose persevering powers all difficulties must give way ; as by this laudable presumption, or rather persuasion of his mind, he will be enabled to accomplish that, which he would otherwise have shrunk from as impossible to be done. He must strongly feel the shame of not being able to conquer that, which he knows men, like himself, have conquered. He should consider failure in his attempt, as worse than death itself, and, when he has once entered on his career, should allow himself no hope of retreat.

A singular circumstance occurs to my mind, which shows what resolution like this may accomplish. A small party of men determined to surprize and capture the strong fortress of Panama, and to prevent alarm being given in the attack, they embarked together in one small boat, encountering all the dangers of a dark and stormy night. Before they got on shore, or made good their landing, it was agreed among them, that the man who last left the boat, should stave a hole in its bottom : this done, and hope of retreat being destroyed, to conquer or to die, was their only choice : then clambering up a steep precipice, before considered as the side on which the fortress was inaccessible, they reached the summit, seized the sentinels by surprize, and soon possessed themselves of the panic-struck garrison, by whom no resistance was attempted. Thus, by determination and resolution, the place was taken without a blow, although well furnished with every requisite for defence and support ; and this heroic act was accomplished by the sole prowess of about twelve determined men. Hence, we see, that no one can make a just estimate of his powers,

till he is urged, by imperious necessity, to bring them to the proof. He takes a double chance to conquer, who sets out with a determination not to be conquered. There are heroes in the closet as well as in the field. That man is a hero, whatever may be his department in life, who defies all obstructions to accomplish a laudable purpose, and ultimately overcomes them. Heroism may as clearly be displayed in the pursuit of the arts, of science, and philosophy, as in the instances of statesmen, warriors, or martyrs. Heroism is proved by unabating ardour, and firm adherence to the end proposed: it leaves nothing unattempted, which curiosity, research, labour, or courage may acquire. How did Raffaele, having never executed a work of any consequence or magnitude, boldly enter the Vatican, and at once undertake to encounter the highest difficulties of the art! Thus, alone, he took the lion by the beard.

Yet, it must be observed, that with all those qualities which a painter must possess, in order to enable him to surmount every difficulty of his arduous undertaking, and to support himself under all the variety of checks, disappointments, and disasters in life, it is requisite that he should, in addition to all these, have what seems almost incompatible with them, that is, a mind and heart of the most susceptible nature. The painter's imagination should act with more than usual power. His hopes, his fears, his joys, his mortifications, must be felt with double force. He should have such a tenderness of sensibility, as to receive and feel every impression on his mind, with all the energy of poetic fire; for who can paint what he never felt?

How is it possible, that works which display ideas, exalted or sublime, should attract the attention of minds, coarse, trifling or vulgar? The mind acts like a magnet, when thrown amidst a quantity of mixed and various matter; it attracts and attaches itself to that alone, which is similar to its own nature. How often do we see this exemplified in our own art, by those affected connoisseurs of puny intellect, who are more amused, more delighted, with a highly laboured picture of a bunch of flowers, in which insects and drops of water are represented, than with the sublimest subjects that adorn the Vatican? And if it can be supposed, that such connoisseurs have any real attachment to the art, they will clearly discover, by their selection of pictures, the degree of their intellect, their taste, and also their disposition.

The prevailing character operates more or less in every action of the man, and the really great mind will be shown even from the minutest object of its attention. Of this nature is that instance of Achilles when, in his disguise amongst the women, he could not but act like himself, and out of all the toys and trinkets which were exposed before him, was discovered by fixing his choice on a sword.

In the same manner, in respect to the arts, exalted minds are known and displayed by the reverence they pay to all those works which tend to dignify our species, or elevate our idea of its rank, value, and importance; while they receive little or no pleasure from those productions which familiarize or degrade it; and consider them only as the pastimes of children, or feats of mechanical dexterity.

In all the inferior branches of the art, the highest finishing, as it is called, constitutes their highest value ; and in this place I wish to make an observation on the article of finishing, as nothing, perhaps, demonstrates more clearly the strength or weakness of the mind of the painter and his admirers. Those may be said *to finish the highest*, who in their work imitate the characteristic and interesting qualities, and properties only, of the object they mean to represent ; and not those who render their works with infinite pains and labours, but at last without feeling, energy, or character. In judging of this matter, the vulgar commit one of their grossest mistakes, in not making any distinction between judicious finishing, and mere labour : or rather in giving preference to the latter ; thus often esteeming the worst picture more than the best. Nothing is more common than to hear such judges say that the works of Denner and Gerard Dow, are *more finished* than those by Titian or Vandyke.

Thus far I have endeavoured to describe the combination of these apparently opposite qualities, which I apprehend are required to make a great painter ; bold and firm without arrogance, or conceit ; humble yet powerful ; diligent yet energetic ; laborious but not insipid. He endeavours to convey his sentiments to the heart by his earnest exertions to give truth of character, beauty, simplicity, and grandeur, by purity of just feeling, and without self applause, vanity, affectation, or pretension to that enthusiasm which he does not feel : unlike the aims of such painters as Vasari, Goltzius, Spranger, Martin Hemskerck, &c., who appear to have been thinking much more upon themselves than upon their work, and who

expected to become its rivals for our astonishment and admiration. It is the happiness of this class to receive abundantly their own applause, and that applause alone: whilst, on the contrary, Titian, Holbein, Correggio, and Raffaele painted from the heart. It is by such works only, that the heart is captured: and it is surely not presumptuous to say, that there remains but little doubt, that, the cultivating and encouraging the higher branches of painting, in which they excelled, it would become as effectual means as any we are acquainted with, to humanize the mind; for art so conducted draws the attention of the idle from mischief, affords wholesome relaxation to the busy, instructs the ignorant, and displays examples of splendid virtue which may direct ambition the way in peaceful paths to fame and immortality.

DIRECTIONS TO THE BINDER.

Portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds	<i>to face the Title</i>
Plympton School, Devonshire	Page 9
Fac simile of Sir Joshua's hand writing	250
Portrait of James Northcote, R. A.	VARIETIES 1

ERRATA.

MEMOIRS OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Page 4, line 11,	<i>for</i> Mr. Ardell, <i>read</i> Mr. Mac Ardell.
98,	13, <i>for</i> were turn, <i>read</i> we return.
123,	23, <i>for</i> the year 1779, <i>read</i> 1770.
227,	3, <i>for</i> do without, <i>read</i> do without it.
227,	5, <i>for</i> after, <i>read</i> often.
253,	4, <i>for</i> ubying, <i>read</i> trying.
289,	9, <i>for</i> affliction, <i>read</i> affection.
265,	25, <i>for</i> them, <i>read</i> its productions.
385,	21, <i>for</i> branches, <i>read</i> beauties.

VARIETIES ON ART.

IX,	1, <i>for</i> when we introduced, <i>read</i> when we saw introduced.
X,	7, <i>for</i> his fingers, <i>read</i> his figures.
XVII,	17, <i>for</i> he next fell on his knees, <i>read</i> he fell on his knees.
Title page to the Slighted Beauty, <i>for</i> Twelfth-night, <i>read</i> Twelfth-night, or what you will.	
LXXI,	2, <i>for</i> and the proper, <i>read</i> as the proper.
LXXII,	7, <i>for</i> surprize future patrons, <i>read</i> surprize her future patrons.
LXXVIII,	11, <i>for</i> not the art to starve, <i>read</i> not the heart to starve.

L I S T
OF THE
HISTORICAL AND FANCY SUBJECTS,
TOGETHER WITH SOME OF THE
MOST ILLUSTRIOUS AND EMINENT PORTRAITS,
EXECUTED BY
SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

<i>Subjects.</i>	<i>Possessors.</i>	<i>Prices.</i> <i>Guineas.</i>	<i>Engravers.</i>
Angel contemplating the Cross, be- queathed to	} Duke of Portland		
Ascension			
Calling of Samuel	Duke of Rutland	100	Dean, 1788
Do. do.	Duke of Dorset	50	J. R. Smith, 1783
Do. do.	Earl of Darnley	75	Delatre, 1784
Do. do.	C. Long, Esq.		C. Knight, 1792
Cornelia & her Children (Lady Cockburn)		C. Wilkins, 1791
Cauldron Scene in Macbeth	Mr. Boydell	1000	Thew
Cardinal Beaufort	{ Do. now Earl of } { Egremont }	500	{ Caroline Watson } { 1792 }
Dionysius the Areopagite			
Death of Dido: for Mr. Bryant	Marchs. Thomond	200	Grozer
Holy Family: 500 <i>l.</i> to Macklin, sold to Lord Gwydir		700	W. Sharp, 1792
Hercules strangling the Serpents	Empress of Russia	1500	Hodges, Walker
Infant Hercules in Cradle	Earl Fitzwilliam	150	Do. do. 1792
Infant Moses in the Bulrushes	Duke of Leeds	125	J. Dean, 1786, 1791
Infant Jupiter	Duke of Rutland	100	Smith, 1775
King Lear	Marchs. Thomond	{	Marchi & Sharp, 1783

LIST OF PAINTINGS

<i>Subjects.</i>	<i>Possessors.</i>	<i>Prices</i> <i>Guineas.</i>	<i>Engravers.</i>
Nativity: for New College window	Duke of Rutland	1200	Earlom
St. John: for New College window	Marchs. Thomond		
Do.	— Willet, Esq.	150	Grozer, 1784
St. Michael slaying the Dragon:	} Marchs. Thomond		
Copy from Guido			
School of Athens, from Raffaelle: Copy	Do.		
Do. travestied: now at Straffan,	} J. Henry, Esq.		
in Ireland			
Ugolino and Children in the Dungeon	Duke of Dorset	400	Dixon
Virgin and Child: left unfinished	J. Bannister, Esq.	65	
Do do.	Earl of Egremont		
Young Hannibal, a boy in armour			C. Townley, 1792
<hr/>			
Ariadne	W. Locke, Esq.	35	Doughty, 1779
Bacchante, portrait of Mad. Baccelli	Duke of Dorset		J. R. Smith, 1784
Do.	Sir W. Hamilton	50	Do. do.
Bacchus, portrait of Master Herbert	Lord Portchester	75	Smith, 1776
Beggar Boy, with Child & Cabbag-nets	Duke of Dorset		Hodges
The Bird			J. Dean
Boy laughing	— Bromwell, Esq.	50	
Boy with a Dog			Dean
Do. in a Turkish Dress			Do. 1778
Do. with Drawing in his Hand	Duke of Dorset	50	
Do. with Portfolio	Earl of Warwick	50	
Do. praying: since sent to France	Mr Chamier	50	
Do. eating Grapes			Spilsbury
Do. reading	Sir H. Englefield	35	Hodges
Boy's School: heads of two	} Master		
Gawlers			Smith, 1788
Captive: has been called Cartouche, &c.	Rev. W. Long	80	Smith, 1777, & Dean
Captain of Banditti	J. Crewe, Esq.	35	
Careful Shepherdess			Eliz. Judkins, 1775
Cardinal Virtues, and four others:	} Marchs. Thomond		
for the New College Window			Facius, 1781
Cælia (Mrs. Collyer) lamenting her	} . . .		
Sparrow			J. Watson

BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

<i>Subjects.</i>	<i>Possessors.</i>	<i>Prices.</i> <i>Guineas.</i>	<i>Engravers.</i>
Charity: for New College window	.	.	Facius, 1781
Circe	Sir C. Bunbury	35	
Children in the Wood	Lord Palmerstone	50	J. Watson, 1772
Child with Angels	Duke of Leeds	.	
Child sleeping	S. Rogers, Esq.	.	Doughty, 1780
Do. do.	Earl of Aylesford	.	
Comic Muse (Mrs. Abington)	Duke of Dorset	.	Sherwin
Cleopatra dissolving the Pearl (Kitty Fisher)	Lord Boringdon	.	Fisher
Continence of Scipio	.	.	
Conway Castle, a Landscape	.	.	W. Birch, 1790
Covent Garden Cupid	.	.	Dean, 1779
Cottagers, from Thomson, for Macklin's Gallery	.	.	Bartolozzi, 1784
Count La Lippe: portrait	H.R.H. Prince Regent		
Master Crewe as Henry VIII.	J. Crewe, Esq.	.	Smith, 1776
Cupid and Psyche (Miss Greville and brother)	C. Long, Esq.	250	Mac Ardell, 1762
Do. do.	S. Rogers, Esq.	.	
Cupid in the Clouds	.	.	Dean
Cupid sleeping	.	.	Do. 1778
Cymon and Iphigenia: the last fancy piece ever executed by Sir Joshua	Marchs. Thomond		F. Harward
Diana (Lady Napier)	.		
Do. (Duchess of Manchester)	.	.	J. Watson
Edwin: from Beattie's Minstrel	Duke of Leeds	55	
Faith: for New College window	.	.	Facius, 1781
Family of the Duke of Marlborough	.	700	
Fortitude: for New College window	.	.	Do. do.
Fortune teller (Lord and Lady Spencer)	D. of Marlborough	.	Sherwin
Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy: sold to J. J. Angerstein, Esq. for 250 guineas	Earl of Halifax	300	T. Watson and Fisher, 1762, &c.
Garrick, as Kiteley	.	.	Finlayson, 1769
Mr. and Mrs. Garrick sitting on a garden seat, and Garrick reading to her	Hon. T. Fitzmaurice	150	

LIST OF PAINTINGS

<i>Subjects.</i>	<i>Possessors.</i>	<i>Prices.</i> <i>Guineas.</i>	<i>Engravers.</i>
Girl with Bird's-nest	N. Desenfans, Esq.		
Do. with Bird-cage	Duke of Dorset		
Do. with Muff	Marchs. Thomond	Jenner	
Do. with Cat (Felina)	N. Desenfans, Esq.	Collyer, 1790	
Do. with Kitten	Marchs. Thomond	Bartolozzi, 1787	
Do. drawing (Miss Johnson)		Grozer, 1790	
Do. leaning on a Pedestal	Visct. Palmerstone	75 Baldry	
Do. laughing	Earl of Lonsdale		
Gypsy Fortune-teller	Duke of Dorset	350 Sherwin	
Do.	Marchs. Thomond		
Gleaners (Mrs. Macklin & Miss Potts)	Mr. Macklin	300	
Heads of Angels: study from daughter of Lord William Gordon	Lord W. Gordon	100	
Hebe (Miss Meyer)		Fisher & Jacobi, 1780	
Do. (Mrs. Musters)		J. R. Smith, 1799	
Hope nursing Love	Henry Hope, Esq.	150	
Do.	Lord Holland	Do. 1777	
Do.	Marchs. Thomond	Fisher, 1771	
Hope: for New College window		Facius, 1781	
Innocence	J. Harman, Esq.	Grozer, 1788	
Infant Academy: bequeathed to	Lord Palmerstone	Hayward	
Juno (Lady Blake)		J. Dixon, 1771	
Justice: for New College window		Facius, 1781	
Lady Sarah Bunbury sacrificing to the Graces	Sir C. Bunbury	Fisher	
Lady with Flowers		Do.	
L'Allegro (Mrs. Hale)	Lord Harewood	Watson, &c.	
Landscape	Earl of Aylesford	50	
Do. View from Richmond Villa		Jones and Birch	
Lesbia	Duke of Dorset	75 Bartolozzi, 1788	
Ld. Sidney and Col. Ackland, as Archers	Earl of Caernarvon		
Love untying the Zone of Beauty: called the Snake in the Grass	Earl of Carysfort	200 J. R. Smith, 1787	
Do. Do.	Prince Potemkin	100	
Do. Do. a present to	Henry Hope, Esq.		
Madona		Blackmore	

BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

<i>Subjects.</i>	<i>Possessors.</i>	<i>Prices. Guineas.</i>	<i>Engravers.</i>
Marchioness Townshend, Mrs. Gardener, and Hon. Mrs. Beresford, decorating a Term of Hymen	} Lord Mountjoy	450	T. Watson
Melancholy (Miss Jones)	.	.	.
The Blackguard Mercury	.	.	Dean, 1777
Miranda (Hon. Mrs. Tollemache) and Caliban	} .	.	J. Jones, 1786
Muscipula, Girl with Mouse-trap	Count d'Adhemar	50	Jones, 1786
Nymph (Mrs. Hartley) and young Bacchus	} Earl of Carysfort	.	.
Nymph and Boy	J.J. Angerstein, Esq.	.	.
Old Man's Head	— Edridge, Esq	.	J. Watson
Do. reading a Ballad	Duke of Rutland	.	Okey
Omai, the Native of Otaheite	J.W. Steers, Esq.	.	Jacobi, 1777
Oxford Window (a general plate)	.	.	Earlom
Pouting Girl	G. Hardinge, Esq.	.	.
Prudence: for New College window	.	.	Facius, 1781
Puck from Midsummer Night's Dream: done for Ald. Boydell	} S. Rogers, Esq.	100	Schiavonetti
Resignation, from Goldsmith's Deserted Village (White the Paviour)	} Marchs. Thomond	.	T. Watson, 1772
Robinette (Hon. Mrs. Tollemache)	Earl of Lonsdale	.	J. Jones, 1787
Shepherd Boy	Lord Irwin	50	{ Barnard, Spilsbury, 1788
Do.	Marchs. Thomond	.	.
Shepherdess with a Lamb	Do.	.	J. Grozer, 1784
Shepherd and Shepherdesses	Do.	.	.
Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse	W. Smith, Esq.	700	Hayward, 1787
St. Agnes (Mrs. Quarrington)	R. P. Knight, Esq.	50	{ Chambers, 1787 Bettolini
St. Cecilia (Mrs. Sheridan and two Misses Purdons)	} R.B. Sheridan, Esq.	150	Dickinson, 1776
St. George (Francis Duke of Bedford and brothers)	} .	.	V. Green, 1778
St. John (Master Wynne, now Sir Watkyn Williams)	} .	.	J. Dean, 1776
Strawberry Girl	Earl of Carysfort	50	T. Watson, 1774

LIST OF PAINTINGS

<i>Subjects.</i>	<i>Possessors.</i>	<i>Prices.</i> <i>Guineas.</i>	<i>Engravers.</i>
Studios Boy	P. Metcalfe, Esq.	. Dean, 1777, Smith	
Thais	Mr. Greville	100 F. Bartolozzi, 1792	
Temperance: for New College window Facius, 1787	
Theory of Painting	Royal Academy	. J. Grozer, 1785	
Do. do.	Marchs. Thomond		
Do. do.	J. Hughes, Esq.		
Triumph of Truth (Dr. Beattie)	Mrs. Glennie	. J. Watson, 1775	
Two Groupes of celebrated Charac- ters done for the	} Dilletante Society		
Tuccia, the Vestal Virgin, from Gre- gory's Ode to Meditation		Mr. Macklin 300	
Venus chiding Cupid for casting Accounts	} Earl of Charlemont	100 Bartolozzi, 1784	
Venus do. bequeathed to the		E. of Upper Ossory . J. R. Collyer, 1786	
Do. do. painted for Sir B. Boothby	Sir T. Bernard		
Venus, and Boy piping	J.J. Angerstein, Esq.	250	
Una, from Spenser (Miss Beauclerk)	Marchs. Thomond	. T. Watson, 1782	
Wang-y-Tong, a Chinese Boy	Duke of Dorset	70	

<i>Portraits.</i>	<i>Possessors.</i>	<i>Engravers.</i>
Archbishop Markham, of York	Fisher & Watson, 1778
——— Robinson, primate of Ireland	}	Houston, 1765
——— Burke, of Tuam		J. R. Smith, 1784
Admiral Barrington	Earlom, 1780
——— Boscawen	Mac Ardell, 1757
Mrs. Abington Lord Boringdon	Judkins, 1772
Bishop Percy of Dromore	Dickinson, 1775
——— Shipley of St. Asaph	Smith, 1777
——— Newton of Bristol Abp. of Canterbury	Watson, 1775
Joseph Barretti Mrs. Piozzi	Hardy, 1794
Archibald Bower	Faber
Edmund Burke	J. Watson, 1771
Do.	Hardy, 1780
Mr. Chauncey — Carter, Esq.	Caroline Watson

BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

<i>Portraits.</i>	<i>Possessors.</i>	<i>Engravers.</i>
Count Belgroso	Jacobi
Colonel Tarleton	J. Smith, 1782
Countess of Berkeley	Mac Ardell, 1757
— Carlisle	J. Watson, 1773
— Cornwallis	Do. 1771
— Coventry	Do.
— Essex	Mac Ardell
— Harrington	V. Green, 1780
— Hyndfort	Mac Ardell
— Northumberland	Houston, 1759
— Pembroke and Son	Dixon
Two Miss Crewes	Do.
First Duke of Cumberland	Spooner
Late Duke of Cumberland	T. Watson, 1774
Duke of Bedford, two brothers, and } Miss Vernon }	.	Smith
Duke of Devonshire	Faber, 1755
— Gloucester . . .	Pr. Sophia of Gloucester	
— Marlborough	Houston
— Orleans . . .	Prince Regent	J. R. Smith, 1786
— York	J. Jones, 1790
Honourable Miss Damer	J. R. Smith, 1774
Dr. Charles Burney . . .	Mrs. Piozzi	Bartolozzi, 1781
— John Hawkesworth	J. Watson, 1773
— Lucas	Mac Ardell
— W. Robertson	Dixon, 1772
— Joseph Warton	Smith, 1777
Duchess of Ancaster	Houston, 1758
Do. . .	.	Dixon
Duchess of Buccleugh	Ja. Watson, 1775
— Cumberland	Do. 1777, 1790
— Devonshire	V. Green, 1780
— Gloucester . . .	Lady Waldegrave	Mac Ardell, 1762
— Gordon	Dickinson, 1775
— Rutland (Dowager)	V. Green, 1780
Samuel Dyer . . .	Sir Ridley Colborne	Marchi, 1773

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<i>Portraits.</i>	<i>Possessors.</i>	<i>Engravers.</i>
Earl of Albemarle	Fisher
—— Abercorn	Dean
—— Bath	Mac Ardell, 1758
—— Bristol (Augustus)	Fisher
—— Carlisle	Spilsbury, 1763
—— Dalkeith	V. Green
—— Dartmouth	Spilsbury
—— Gower	Fisher, 1765
—— Mansfield	Bartolozzi, 1786
—— Moira . . .	Duke of York	Jones, 1792
—— Pembroke	Dixon, Watson, 1772
—— Rothes	Mac Ardell, 1755
—— Strafford	Do. 1762
Mrs. Fitzherbert
Samuel Foote	Blackmore, 1771
Monsieur Gautier (done at Paris)	H. Fess
Edward Gibbon	Hall, 1780
Oliver Goldsmith . . .	Mrs. Piozzi	Marchi, 1770
Groupe : Lady Sarah Bunbury, Lady Susan Strangeways, and Charles James Fox }	.	J. Watson
Warren Hastings	T. Watson, 1777
Soame Jenyns	Dickinson
Samuel Johnson . . .	Mrs. Piozzi	J. Watson, 1770
Do. . .	.	Hall, 1787
Do. . .	.	Doughty, 1784
Angelica Kauffman	Bartolozzi, 1780
Miss Kemble	J. Jones, 1784
Mrs. Kennedy	T. Watson, 1771
Lady Bampfylde	Do.
—— Broughton	Do. 1770
—— Almeria Carpenter	J. Watson, 1763
—— Chambers	Mac Ardell
—— Elizabeth Keppel	Fisher
—— Louisa Manners	V. Green
—— Melbourne and Child . . .	Viscount Melbourne	T. Watson

BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

<i>Portraits.</i>	<i>Possessors.</i>	<i>Engravers.</i>
Three Ladies Waldegrave	V. Green
Lord Amherst	J. Watson
— Anson	Mac Ardell, 1755
— Camden . . .	M. Camden	Basire, 1766
Do.	Ravenhill
— Cardross (Earl Buchan)	Mac Ardell
— Heathfield	Earlom, 1788
— Hood	J. Jones, 1783
— Ligonier, on horseback	Fisher
— Rodney . . .	Marchs. Thomond	Dickenson, 1780
Do.	J. Watson
— Romney	Finlayson, 1773
— George Seymour	Fisher, 1771
Lord Chancellor Thurlow	Bartolozzi, 1782
THEIR MAJESTIES, (two) . . .	Royal Academy	Various
Giuseppe Marchi	Spilsbury
Marquis of Abercorn (a family piece)	. . .	
— Buckingham	Dickinson, 1778
— Granby	Houston, 1760
Do. do. (with a horse)	J. Watson
— Lansdowne, Lord Ash-	} Sir T. Baring	
burton, and Colonel Barré		
— Rockingham	Fisher
— Tavistock . . .	Duke of Bedford	J. Watson, 1767
— Tichfield	Jenner, 1777
Marchioness of Lothian	Spilsbury
— Thomond	
— Townshend	V. Green
Mrs. Montague	Pollard
Nelly O'Brien	J. Watson
H. R. H. the Prince Regent	F. Haward, 1793
Princess Augusta	Mac Ardell, 1764
— Sophia	
Rev. Zachariah Mudge	J. Watson
— Thomas Warton	Hodges, 1794
Samuel Reynolds, S. T. P.	Mac Ardell

LIST OF PAINTINGS.

<i>Portraits.</i>	<i>Possessors.</i>	<i>Engravers.</i>
Of SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS himself } the portraits have been so nume- rous, as to bid defiance to enume- ration. These are all from his own pencil, with the exception of one by C. G. Stuart, an American, one by Zoffanii, and one by Mr. Breda, a Swedish painter. The best en- gravings are by }	.	{ V. Green, J. Collyer, J. Watson, C. Townley, I. K. Sherwin, R. Earl- om, Pariset, Facius, S. W. Reynolds, Caro- line Kirkley, Caroline Watson, T. Holloway, and the portrait which accompanies this work
Sir Joseph Banks	Dickinson, 1774
— Charles Bunbury	Marchi
— William Chambers	Royal Academy	V. Green, 1780
— John Cust	J. Watson, 1769
— Charles Saunders	Mac Ardell
— John Wynne	Dean
Do.	Watson
Laurence Sterne	Earl of Ossory	Fisher
Viscount Downe	Do.
—— Keppel	Do. 1759
—— Sackville	Mac Ardell
Horace Walpole	Mac Ardell, 1757
Harry Woodward	Houston

Even in the present Exhibition there are many which are not here enumerated ; and there are also many others expected : so that a complete List, if it were possible to procure it, would fill a volume.

It is also proper to notice, that several of these here enumerated have been likewise engraved by other artists.

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LIST OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S WORKS.

THE END.



A. C. [illegible]

on Every.

THE [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

From the original picture in the possession of William Sturt Esq.

